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P23

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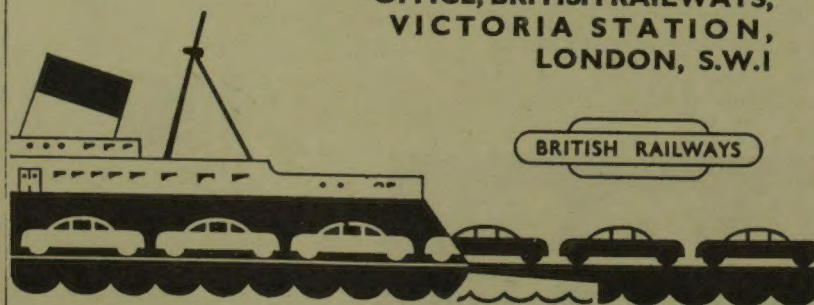
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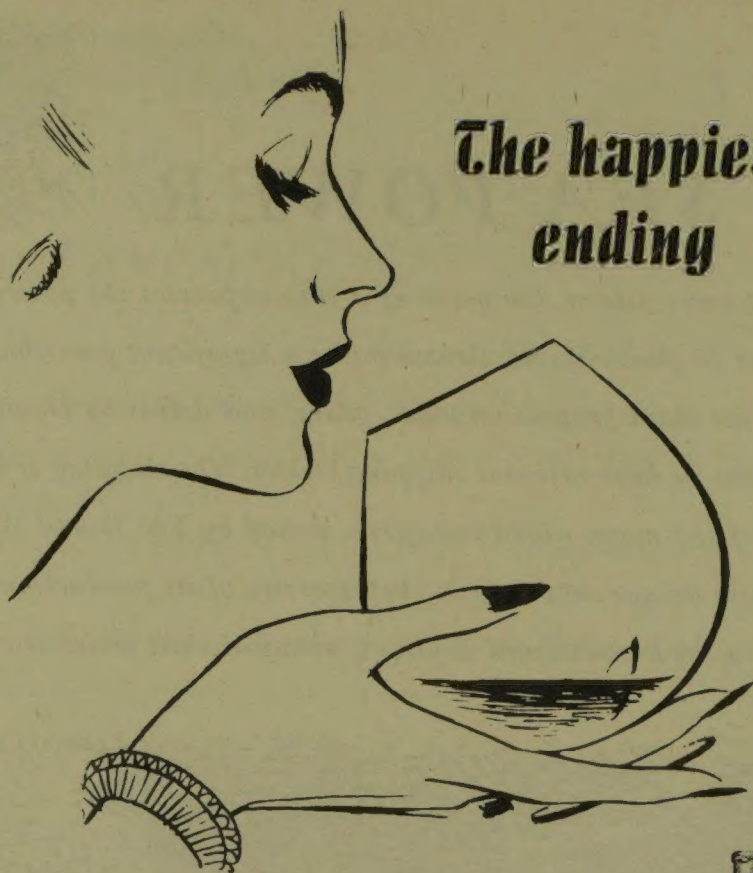
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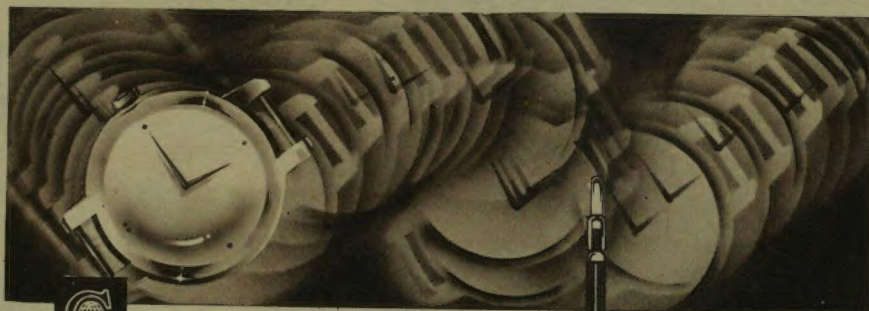
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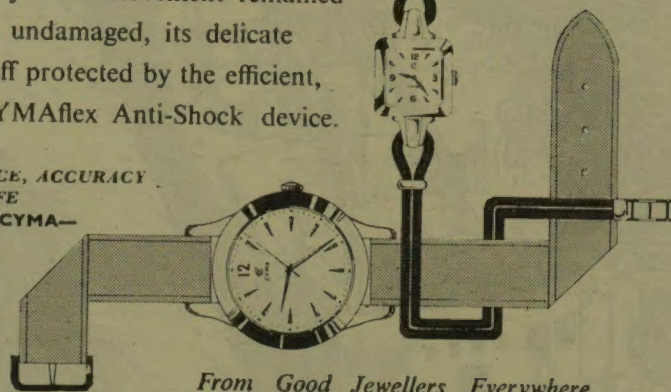
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The ancients shut their eyes

"SHUT YOUR EYES and make a wish." The ancient custom was to make a wish to the sun; the eyelids had to be lowered as protection against the glare. Nowadays we still shut our eyes when making a wish—although, since we no longer worship the sun, the protection is scarcely necessary.

But there is one form of protection to which no modern manufacturer shuts his eyes. In today's competitive market the manufacturer must be certain his product reaches the consumer in the condition in which it left his production line. That is why leading manufacturers entrust the safe-keeping of their nationally known brands to the sound outer protection

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SHERRY BEFORE DINNER....

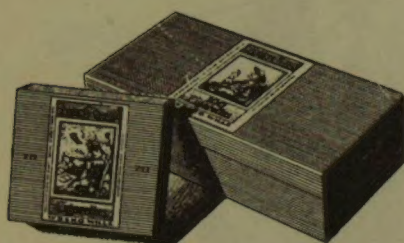


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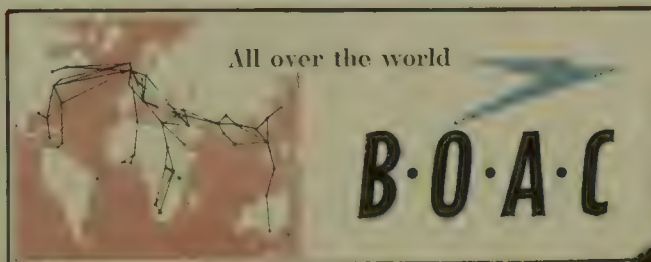


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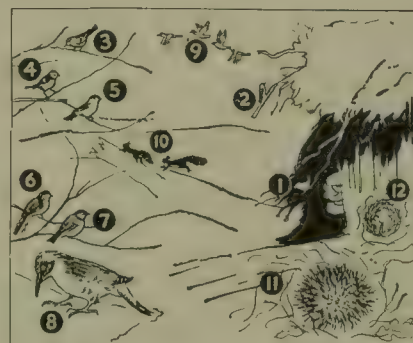
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*Shell Nature Studies*EDITED BY
JAMES FISHERNO.
IINOVEMBER *in Wales**Painted by Maurice Wilson in collaboration with Rowland Hilder.*

IT IS A HARD WORLD IN NOVEMBER for the insect-hunters, but with eggs, pupæ, hibernating caterpillars, they manage. They find other invertebrates too — woodlice, centipedes, spiders — in their active, day-long searching. On the fallen tree root perches a wren (1), resident, noisy owner of the woodland corner; and a tree-creeper (2), like a hopping mouse, explores, working up the root, flitting to the bottom of the tree and working up again. Through leafless trees roams a flock of small foraging birds, goldcrest (3) — Britain's smallest bird; blue tit (4); marsh-tit (5); long-tailed tit (6); and nearest the ground, great tit (7). The green woodpecker (8) spends much of its winter time on the ground, snaking its sticky tongue to two or three beaks' lengths among the corridors of the ant-hill. A drove of wood-pigeon (9) moves to new stubbles. Red squirrels (10) romp about the wood (it is a Welsh border forest beyond the grey squirrel's present range); no hibernation for them. But, underground or among the roots, in beds of leaves and hay, hedgehog (11) and dormouse (12) begin their winter sleep.



Shell's monthly guide to wild flowers, which gave so many people pleasure last year, is being published in book form by Phoenix House Ltd., 38 William IV Street, W.C.2, at 6/6.

YOU CAN BE SURE OF

*The key to the Countryside*

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1955.



AFTER THE RAIL CRASH NEAR DIDCOT IN WHICH TEN PEOPLE DIED AND OVER A HUNDRED WERE INJURED: RESCUERS WORKING TO REACH VICTIMS STILL TRAPPED IN THE WRECKAGE OF THE TRAIN.

Ten people were killed, nine women and one man, and over a hundred people injured, when the engine and four coaches of a London-bound day excursion train left the rails and plunged down a 20-ft. embankment at Milton, near Didcot, in Berkshire, at 1.19 p.m. on Sunday, November 20. The train, of nine coaches, was travelling from Treherbert, Glamorgan, and other South Wales stations to Paddington, and there were about 290 people aboard at the time of the accident. The 150-ton *Britannia* class locomotive, *Polar Star*, which is used regularly on the South Wales run, left the rails seconds after crossing points which switched the

train from the main line to a relief loop, because of repair work. The engine, with the leading coaches, ploughed along the edge of the embankment for some 100 yards before it leapt over the edge of the embankment and came to rest on its side, with the splintered wreckage of the first coach scattered around. The other three carriages which it dragged with it were thrown on top of one another, or telescoped. Three other carriages, including a restaurant car, were derailed and seriously damaged, but they remained upright, while the two rear coaches stayed on the line. More details of the train crash appear elsewhere in this issue.



A MANGLED HEAP OF TWISTED METAL AND A COACH REDUCED TO MATCHWOOD: THE WRECKAGE OF THE EXCURSION TRAIN WHICH PLUNGED DOWN AN EMBANKMENT NEAR DIDCOT.

When the engine and first four coaches of a day excursion train from Treherbert, Glamorgan, to London left the rails and plunged down a 20-ft. embankment about two miles from Didcot Station, in Berkshire, on November 20, the crew of the engine had a remarkable escape. The fireman, Mr. A. Marsh, was unhurt and the driver, Mr. W. Wheeler, sustained a broken leg. Of the ten people who were

killed in the accident, nine were women. Of the remaining passengers, about 280, over 100 were injured and seventy-six of them were detained in hospital. After the crash the guard ran back along the line as far as Slieventon Station, a mile-and-a-half away, putting detonators on the track to stop any other trains. The embankment along which the main line runs marks the boundary of the

R.A.F. Milton depot, and rescue workers were quickly on the scene. The R.A.F. men joined forces with some civilians and troops from the Army's central ordnance depot at Didcot and, by 3.30 p.m., the main work of rescue was well under way. At least ten doctors were on the scene and there was a constant stream of ambulances to carry away the injured. Before a breakdown unit arrived some of the

wreckage was disentangled by helpers, who hauled it away with ropes. Girls of the W.R.A.F. helped the doctors to give morphine to the people who were trapped. By midnight—the accident happened at 1.15 p.m.—about 500 rescue workers were still toiling at the scene, and breakdown crews were trying to clear the track. The last accident to a passenger train on the Western Region took place in 1942.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

ENGLAND has thirty-nine counties—forty if one counts Monmouthshire—and I do not know which is the loveliest. There is not one of them which has not a claim to be beautiful above all others, and whose sons and daughters would not be ready to champion her above all her thirty-eight sister shires. Even those which are largely urban and industrial—Lancashire and Staffordshire, for instance—have beauties which have no parallel in any other county. Warwickshire may have Birmingham, but she has also Stratford-on-Avon and the noble parklands, the richest almost in England, of the Vale of Warwick. Leicester may be an uninspiring city to those who do not look on her with the eyes of love and long familiarity, yet what hunting man can see the green, rolling pastures and neat quickset hedges of the countryside round Harborough and Melton and not feel that he has reached the celestial fields? And the least exciting counties by guide-book standards are often the most satisfying to live in. In that delightful book, "England Have My Bones"—the kind of eccentric, individualist, unclassifiable book that only an Englishman would write—T. H. White has written of his own county:

One can't say that the Shire is a better place than anywhere else. Among other things, the place itself would scarcely appreciate the compliment. It would be against its nature to compete: it would lose what reality it possesses if it were made in any way to outstand. There are certain counties which once had outstanding qualities, and which have been overwhelmed for that reason. . . . But their loveliness makes them provocative, and their day will come. The invaders will top the skyline, marching under petrol pumps and curiosity shops and corrugated iron roofs. . . . The Shire has protected itself against these things by a non-committal policy. . . . It has concealed its individuality in order to preserve it. We have a few loop-ways, a few yellow signs, a few corrugated iron roofs, a few thatched ones, nothing very definite: so that the invaders pass through, as Oliver Cromwell did before them, looking for somewhere else.*

One can only, of course, write about what one knows. I was born in Norfolk, bred in urban Middlesex, schooled in Kent and what then was the rural part of Middlesex, taught the use of arms in Sussex and Norfolk, Yorkshire, Hampshire and Kent, and given a university education in Oxfordshire. At one time or another I have worked or lived or farmed in Cambridgeshire, Buckinghamshire, Hertfordshire, Gloucestershire and Dorset. And I own a tiny corner of Wiltshire, the county in which I first learnt in boyhood to love the English countryside; that is to say, under our mid-twentieth-century definition of ownership, I am responsible, without having any very noticeable corresponding right, for maintaining some of its fences and ditches, farm-roads and watercourses, for preventing some of its trees from falling on anyone's head, and for keeping down a little section of its community of rabbits and vermin. I also own—to use the same misleading word—the source of one of its rivers and the site of one of its many prehistoric camps.

Yet, like others, my knowledge of England and her shires—so small and easy to know even in a short lifetime—does not end with these more familiar counties. I have walked on the Roman wall in Northumberland and enjoyed the sense, rivalled only in England in the lovely hill shire of Derbyshire, of being on the roof of the world; have climbed mountains in Westmorland and lost myself on the Durham moors; have looked down from the heights on Sheffield and bathed in Robin Hood's Bay, and gazed from the high garden at Haigh over smoking Wigan, beautiful against the October sky, at the silver flashes beyond. I have spent long happy summer days in one of Cheshire's great parks, seeing across the "vale royal" of England, the Derbyshire skyline on the one hand and the blue hills of Wales on the other. On my way to and from Wales I have motored over almost every road in Shropshire, certainly one of the most beautiful of counties, and over those of its lovely neighbours, Herefordshire and Worcestershire, whose beauties I once had carefully pointed out to me from a conveniently-situated hilltop by no less a Worcestershire worthy than Stanley Baldwin. I have stayed in some of Northamptonshire's noble houses, which, with its spires, and Collyweston roofs are its peculiar glory, and walked, with my shoes covered with buttercup gold, down its majestic avenues of elm. I have bathed in Cornish coves and got soaked to the skin in Devonshire mist, and have wandered, exploring, from tower to tower in that land of splendid churches and orchards, Somerset; have walked all day on Gloucestershire's limestone hills and through her high, cold beech-woods; and paddled a canoe from high noon till moonrise down a slow, meandering, sedgy stream, with

Berkshire on one bank and Oxfordshire on the other. I have seen Harrow's spire rising above its white, wintry drapery and encircling Middlesex elms, and lived twenty happy years in that gentle, rolling north Buckinghamshire plain which even now, though I seldom see it, is more home to me than anywhere else in the world. I have produced a pastoral play in a glade in Hertfordshire and a pageant in an Oxford garden; have ridden on the Surrey downs and searched for flints on a hill-camp in Kent and for Chanctonbury Ring in a thick November fog in Sussex, and even once, as a very small boy, fallen over the edge of a quarry in Hampshire! And of each of these counties I recall scenes that are part of my picture of England, beautiful and kindly and haunting, that I shall carry with me to the grave and, I believe, beyond.

It is in its astonishing variety that the peculiar glory of the English landscape lies and in the rapidity with which one passes from one beautiful scene to another completely different. I was reminded of this vividly a short while ago when, at the end of a crowded and tiring day, I was collected from a little town on the southern edge of the Bedford Level and driven

through Cambridgeshire, West Suffolk and Norfolk to stay with some old friends on that mysterious coast that looks out across marshes and wide sands on to the sea of the old Northern legends, and out of which, bearing terror and new life for England, our first Anglo-Saxon forbears came. A chance-encounter with a wartime acquaintance and his wife turned a brief halt at a wayside inn into a long, leisurely meal, and by the time the journey was resumed and the low, rolling uplands between Swaffham and the coast reached, it was nearly midnight, and country Norfolk, which keeps early hours, was fast asleep. Crossing the wooded Breckland there had been a good deal of drifting mist, and on the higher ground beyond Castle Acre I got out to wipe the front of the windscreen. As I did so I became aware, as so often in returning to Norfolk—but never so clearly as at that moment—that I was in a different world, as remote in its own way from the clayey soil and air of Middlesex and the Home Counties as, say, the peak of Ararat is from the Basra flats. The air here was like one's youth suddenly restored, sharp as the finest blade of steel and so clear that the stars appeared as jewels; the trees, already almost bare on that windswept but now windless and utterly silent upland silhouetted in exquisite tracery against the starlit night; the whole atmosphere that of some enchanted region, half of this earth and half of some other, in a flash remembered:

Bring the cap and bring the vest;
Buckle on his sandal soon;
Fetch his memory from the chest
In the treasury of the moon.

Duncan noticed the same phenomena as he approached Macbeth's castle where the delicate air "nimble and sweetly" recommended itself to his tired senses. It is so along the sea-approaches to all the eastern coasts of England and Scotland from Norfolk to Cromarty. Even the most insensitive traveller, returning to them after long absence, feels the sudden change in the tempo of being as his lungs fill with that light, electric, ecstatic air. It is perhaps most strongly felt in that wonderful Borderland between the Tweed and the Lammermuirs that gave birth to the great heritage of anonymous song and ballad that is the English equivalent of the Homeric legends: the land where True Thomas, lying on Huntly bank, saw his vision of the three ferlies "down by the Eildon Tree." It explains, even more, I

think, than the mingling of Celtic and Anglo-Saxon blood, the curious and often unpredictable intermixture of poetry and hard, practical common sense in the British make-up.

The changes wrought by science and what is called Progress may, I suppose, ultimately reduce the buildings and what bureaucrats term "installations" of our island to a monotonous and ugly uniformity. But they can never eradicate the subtle differences of soil, climate and air that make one part of the land so different to another. It is these that endear us above all else to the places we love, from which our earliest memories are formed and out of whose earth our very bodies were compounded. "Make me content," wrote Edward Thomas,

| | |
|---------------------|-------------------------------|
| With some sweetness | From Wiltshire and Kent |
| From Wales | And Herefordshire |
| Whose nightingales | And the villages there— |
| Have no wings— | From the names and the things |
| | No less. |

And at the last we go back to them, if not in body, then in heart, and become again one with them, for in "our end is our beginning."

THE NEW DIRECTOR OF THE V. AND A.



MR. TRENCHARD COX, WHO HAS BEEN APPOINTED DIRECTOR AND SECRETARY OF THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM.

It was announced on November 18 that Sir David Eccles, the Minister of Education, had appointed Mr. Trenchard Cox to be Director and Secretary of the Victoria and Albert Museum in succession to Sir Leigh Ashton, who recently retired on grounds of ill health. Mr. Trenchard Cox, who is fifty, has been Director of the Birmingham Museum and Art Gallery since 1944. He was educated at Eton and King's College, Cambridge, and also spent a semester in the Department of Arts at Berlin University. From 1932 to 1939 he was Assistant to the Keeper of the Wallace Collection; and during the war he was seconded to the Home Office, when he was Private Secretary to Sir Alexander Maxwell. He has published a number of books, including a guide to the Wallace Collection and a study of the Renaissance in Europe. He will take up his duties early in the New Year.

* "England Have My Bones," by T. H. White. Collins; pp. 14-15.

RESUMING HIS THRONE AMID WIDE REJOICING: THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO.



VEILED WOMEN FORM PART OF THE VAST CROWD WAITING BEFORE THE ROYAL PALACE FOR THE SULTAN TO APPEAR. SUCH CROWDS GATHERED DAILY AFTER HIS RETURN.



DRIVING IN AN 'OPEN CAR PAST STEEL-HELMETED FRENCH TROOPS, PRESENTING ARMS, AND ENTHUSIASTIC MOROCCANS: THE SULTAN, SIDI BEN YUSSEF, WITH HIS TWO SONS.



ATTACKING A MOROCCAN SUSPECTED OF SUPPORTING BEN ARAFA: PART OF THE CROWD INVOLVED IN THE INCIDENT AT THE ROYAL PALACE, RABAT, IN WHICH A CALIPH WAS MURDERED.

Sidi Mohammed ben Yusef, the Sultan of Morocco, returned to his capital, Rabat, and his throne on November 16, after more than two years of exile in Madagascar. He was welcomed by vast crowds of wildly-cheering Moroccans lining the route from the airport. He drove in an open car with his two sons, standing for most of the way to show himself to his subjects and to acknowledge their cheers. Steel-helmeted French police stood guard along the route, aided by young men of the Nationalist Parties carrying truncheons. No anti-French incidents occurred during the procession. Later, the Sultan addressed the waiting thousands from a decorated balcony. Each day following his return, huge crowds assembled before the Royal



READING AN ADDRESS TO HIS PEOPLE FROM A DECORATED BALCONY BY THE PALACE WALLS: THE SULTAN, WITH MOROCCAN LEADERS AND DIGNITARIES BELOW HIM.



LEAVING THE MOSQUE WHERE HE HAD PRAYED ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF HIS ACCESSION TO THE SHERIFIAN THRONE: THE SULTAN SMILING AT WAITING YOUTHS.

palace at Rabat to catch a glimpse of their sovereign. The good-temper and patience displayed since the Sultan's arrival gave way, however, to a sudden surge of mob violence on November 19, in which at least eleven people were killed and many more injured. The worst incident occurred within the precincts of the Royal palace, where the Caliph of the Pasha of Fez was recognised by part of the crowd waiting to pay homage to the Sultan. The Caliph had come to beg forgiveness for supporting the ex-Sultan, Ben Arafat. He was stoned by the mob, and when he produced a revolver to defend himself, he was murdered in the midst of a crowd of jeering tribesmen.

STORY-TELLER AND POET OF EMPIRE.

"RUDYARD KIPLING: HIS LIFE AND WORK"; By CHARLES CARRINGTON.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

RUDYARD KIPLING, a journalist by early training in India, and, throughout his life, not merely a superb story-teller in prose and verse, but a passionate proclaimer of his convictions—sometimes yelling them aloud, as it were, from a tub at Marble Arch, sometimes gentling back to the Horatian poet which, fundamentally, he was—detested publicity. Great fame came early to him; fame for his books he did not mind, nor the revenues from them. But he didn't see why, because he had rung the bell through England and America and, ultimately, all the civilised world, people should want to know about his private life. He achieved celebrity at an almost incredibly early age, and the reporters followed him everywhere. It maddened him: he would have liked to turn a machine-gun on the lot. Then he would have remembered that from the age of sixteen to the age of twenty-three, he himself was a reporter on the *Civil and Military Gazette* of Lahore and himself no notable respecter of persons, or, at any rate, that the ghouls might have harmless wives and children. Anyhow, as Mr. Carrington says, "he shunned publicity and begged his critics not to question other than the books he left behind."

But he does not seem to have vetoed a posthumous biography. "Even before his death," we are told, "Mrs. Kipling had been putting some materials together, for the use, as it seems, of a biographer. This was the exception she made to the rules that every in-letter was destroyed as soon as it was answered, that no unauthorised scrap of her husband's handwriting should be taken out of their house." Whether that very managing, though extremely helpful, woman was a good judge of what "in-letters" to destroy one can only guess. Kipling, at one time, was receiving a hundred letters a day, and could have done with a Private Sorting Office. Doubtless many of them were begging-letters, appeals for societies, trivialities from strangers, sycophants or enemies, and coaxing requests from newspapers and magazines for stories or verses. A great deal, obviously, had to be weeded out. Only the owner of a Blenheim or some such sizeable cot could find space for the whole body of an "in" correspondence amounting to 36,500 letters a year. But it seems possible that much which might have delighted us may have gone in the redoubtable Mrs. Kipling's holocausts. Mr. Carrington speaks of "those few who knew him well."

Of men alive to-day who knew him well there must be few indeed: had he survived he would be ninety this year. And in his later bereaved, protected, years he may have had few familiars, although he always seemed thoroughly at home when he visited his London Club. But when, having been preceded by his reputation, he arrived in London he got to know everybody in the literary and artistic world at once. Possibly the family helped. One of his aunts was Lady Poynter, wife of a future P.R.A., one was wife of Sir Edward Burne-Jones, and one was mother of Stanley Baldwin—constantly referred to in this book as "Stan," which may or may not have been a family diminutive, but to me sounds more like the name of a saucy stable-boy than of a Conservative Prime Minister. But his tremendous precocity broke down all fences, also. When he was put up for the Savile Club (I think in 1890, when he was twenty-four) his backers, says Mr. Carrington, included Walter Besant, James Bryce, Edward Clodd, John Collier, Sidney Colvin, Austin Dobson, Edmund Gosse, Rider Haggard, Thomas Hardy, W. E. Henley, Henry James, J. H. McCarthy, J. W. Mackail, Walter Pollock, George Saintsbury, and others who were hardly less eminent." Most of these men were his

elders, as commonly happens when one is put up for a Club: the testimony of one's coevals is doubtful. But Henry James was best man at Kipling's quick wedding (the total congregation numbered five) and was an elaborate correspondent: did his letters go up in smoke?

I can't suppose that he didn't write to Kipling, for he busied himself with writing about the Infant Prodigy. In 1890 (Kipling then being twenty-four) Henry James wrote to Stevenson in Samoa "We'll tell you all about Rudyard Kipling—your nascent

will perhaps have leaped upon your silver strand by the time this reaches you. He publicly left England to embrace you many weeks ago—carrying literary genius out of the country with him in his pocket."

Twice Kipling tried to get to Samoa to see R. L. S.; each time he was frustrated by calls from home; the two

romancers and lovers of children would have got on together. I think that Mr. Carrington understands that. He says, in his preface, "I never set eyes on the man!"—but "the man's" daughter has put every document in her possession at his disposal and helped him to the best of her ability.

Between them they have erected, I think, an enduring monument—to almost-quote Kipling's favourite author, Horace—to Kipling. Mr. Carrington never met Kipling; and I, who met him on a few occasions sprinkled over many years, and once had a sustained conversation with him, lasting five hours, and including lunch, port, tea, and a cocktail, during which Kipling revealed, in a quiet voice, his intimate knowledge of all the most exquisite writers from Chaucer to Landor, feel that Mr. Carrington simply must have met him.

I suppose that the truth is that many a man who never met Kipling in the flesh felt that he had met him. Mr. Carrington says: "My qualifications for writing this book are not unique, but shared with thousands of my contemporaries. I learned to read in the year when *Just So Stories* was the children's book of the season, and when I asked for more the *Jungle Books* were waiting for me. In a manner of speaking, I went to school with *Stalky and Co.* I discovered English

History with 'Dan' and 'Una,' and, as I remember, *Plain Tales From the Hills* was the first 'grown-up' book that I found for myself. In 1914, as a very young soldier, I formed my notions of the grandeur and misery of army life upon the *Barrack-Room Ballads*, and knew from the story of the 'Brushwood Boy' that a hard conventional exterior might conceal a strange and sensitive inner life."

My memories, alas, go farther back still. Kipling broke into the world with a violence unknown since Byron and not known after Kipling. I was probably only eleven or twelve when I was reading his early stories and poems, and even imitating them. To me, as a child, he was an Old Man, almost a contemporary of Tennyson, Arnold and Swinburne. He was really a young man, and a young man who had a real gift for pure

and enduring poetry who had been infected with the missionary spirit and believed (and I don't question this) that the English had a mission in the East.

He found himself once, inadvertently, a fellow-passenger with "General" Booth on a liner. They made friends instantaneously. Kipling wrote a poem in which he stated that he had "two sides to his head." One side was poet, one was preacher; the hate which he generated in some people was generated by the second side. They disliked patriotism, honour and fidelity.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 928 of this issue.



THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE: PROFESSOR CHARLES CARRINGTON. Professor Charles Carrington, who was born in 1897, and educated at Christchurch, New Zealand, and Christ Church, Oxford, is Professor of British Commonwealth Relations at the Royal Institute of International Affairs. He was Educational Secretary to the Cambridge University Press from 1929-54. He is the author of a number of books including: "The British Overseas" and "T. E. Lawrence."



RUDYARD KIPLING AGED SIXTY-EIGHT, THE LAST PHOTOGRAPH. RUDYARD KIPLING WAS BORN IN BOMBAY IN 1865 AND DIED IN LONDON IN JANUARY 1936.



RUDYARD KIPLING'S MOTHER, ALICE KIPLING, IN MIDDLE AGE. RUDYARD KIPLING'S FATHER, JOHN L. KIPLING, IN LATER LIFE.

Illustrations reproduced from the book "Rudyard Kipling: His Life and Work"; by courtesy of the publisher, Macmillan.



rival. He has killed one immortal—Rider Haggard; the star of the hour, aged twenty-four and author of remarkable anglo-indian and extraordinarily observed barrack-life—Tommy Atkins tales." Stevenson's first reply was "Kipling is too clever to live": his second was "Kipling is by far the most promising young man who has appeared since—ahem—I appeared. He amazes me by his precocity and various endowments. But he alarms me by his copiousness and haste." And then James writes: "The only news in literature here—such is the virtuous vacancy of our consciousness—continues to be the infant monster of a Kipling." And, later still, "That little black demon of a Kipling

* "Rudyard Kipling: His Life and Work." By Charles Carrington. Illustrated. (Macmillan; 25s.)

HER MAJESTY AS THE ARTIST SEES HER: FOUR PORTRAITS AT THE R.P. SHOW.



A HALF-LENGTH PORTRAIT OF THE QUEEN IN HER CORONATION ROBES AND WEARING THE IMPERIAL STATE CROWN, BY FLORA LION, R.P.



"THE CROWN"; BY GRACE WHEATLEY, R.P., SHOWS HER MAJESTY AS THE CENTRAL FIGURE OF THE COMMONWEALTH.



"HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN"; BY EDWARD I. HALLIDAY, R.P., SHOWING HER MAJESTY SEATED BY A WINDOW OVERLOOKING THE ROUND TOWER AT WINDSOR CASTLE.



IN W. A. DARGIE'S THREE-QUARTER-LENGTH PORTRAIT HER MAJESTY IS WEARING A STRIKING DRESS OF MIMOSA YELLOW.

The earliest contemporary portrait of an English Sovereign is that of King Richard II. (1377-1399), which is in Westminster Abbey. In the following centuries the practice of portrait-painting developed and most of our Sovereigns are well known to us through contemporary portraits. Several striking portraits of Queen Elizabeth I. have survived. Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II. has already had a great many portraits painted of her, and some of these have always been a popular feature at the annual exhibitions of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters. The sixty-second exhibition of this Society opened at the Royal Institute Galleries, 195, Piccadilly, on November 18. The exhibition

includes four portraits of her Majesty, which are all reproduced above. Flora Lion, R.P., has painted her Majesty in her Coronation robes, carrying the Royal Sceptre and the Sovereign's Orb and wearing the Imperial State Crown. Grace Wheatley, R.P., shows her Majesty, again in her Coronation robes, as the centre of an imaginative composition called "The Crown." In Edward Halliday's portrait, her Majesty is wearing a sky-blue dress across which is the darker blue ribbon of the Garter. The Australian artist, W. A. Dargie, shows her Majesty in a flowing dress of mimosa yellow on to which is pinned a small posy of mimosa. The exhibition closes on December 23.

TIME-BOMB OUTRAGES IN CYPRUS, AND STREET DEMONSTRATIONS BY SCHOOLCHILDREN.



ON November 13 and 14 there was rioting in Kyrenia Castle, near Nicosia, where 100 Cypriot-Greeks were detained; and demonstrations in the courtyard had to be quelled by the use of tear-gas. On November 14 there were minor disorders, involving schoolchildren who burnt a Union flag
(Continued below.)

(LEFT.) THE INTERIOR OF THE MAIN POST OFFICE AT NICOSIA, AFTER THE EXPLOSION OF A TIME-BOMB—THE BIGGEST CYPRUS BOMB OUT-RAGE SINCE LAST APRIL.



THE OUTSIDE OF THE NICOSIA POST OFFICE, AFTER THE EXPLOSION HAD TORN OUT THE WALL TO THE HEIGHT OF THREE STOREYS. THE TIME-BOMB WAS PRESUMABLY HANDED IN AS A PARCEL BEFORE CLOSING TIME.



BRITISH TROOPS OCCUPYING SAMUEL'S SCHOOL, A MIXED SECONDARY COMMERCIAL SCHOOL IN NICOSIA, CLOSED AFTER STREET DEMONSTRATIONS BY THE PUPILS.



AFTER THE REJECTION OF HIS APPEAL AGAINST THE SENTENCE OF DEATH FOR THE MURDER OF A POLICEMAN: MICHAEL KARAOULIS, A FORMER INCOME-TAX CLERK, HANDCUFFED BETWEEN TWO POLICEMEN.



THE SERGEANTS' MESS AT KYKKO CAMP, NEAR NICOSIA, AFTER THE EXPLOSION OF A TIME-BOMB, WHICH KILLED A SERGEANT AND SERIOUSLY INJURED A WARRANT OFFICER.



A BATON AND SHIELD PARTY OF THE SOUTH STAFFORDSHIRE REGT. PARADED IN THE GROUNDS OF THE SAMUEL'S SCHOOL IN NICOSIA, CLOSED OWING TO STUDENT RIOTING.

(Continued.)

and broke windows of the tourist office. On November 15 there were more schoolchildren's demonstrations, involving many schoolgirls, and Samuel's School, a large mixed commercial school, was ordered to be closed; and there were other school demonstrations and strikes in protest against the dismissal of the appeal of Michael Karaolis, for his murder of a policeman. On November 16 Field Marshal Sir John Harding, who had been in London, broadcast, explaining how the British Government proposed to spend £38,000,000 on the development of the island, economically



PARADING FOR RIOT DRILL IN CYPRUS: MEN OF THE GORDON HIGHLANDERS, THE MAN ON THE LEFT CARRYING A GREEN SPRAY GUN TO STAIN RIOTERS FOR IDENTIFICATION.

and socially. On November 18 the terrorists went into action on a more violent scale. A time-bomb exploded in the sergeants' mess at Kykko Camp, killing one sergeant; an attack was made, unsuccessfully, on an explosives store in a copper-mining village; and an armed attack, with automatic weapons, was made on an R.A.F. camp at Limassol. On November 19 a time-bomb, presumably placed before the premises closed at noon, exploded in the evening in the Nicosia main post-office, doing a great deal of damage and injuring passers-by.

ISRAEL'S PRISONERS, TRIBUTES TO MME. COTY,
AND NEWS ITEMS FROM ITALY AND SUSSEX.



CAPTURED BY ISRAELI FORCES DURING THE SPASMODIC BORDER FIGHTING IN THE GAZA AREA: EGYPTIAN PRISONERS-OF-WAR BEHIND THE BARBED WIRE OF THEIR COMPOUND. ISRAEL CLAIMS THAT THE CAPTIVES INCLUDE FORTY-NINE TAKEN DURING THE EL-AUJA RAID THIS MONTH.



LINING UP FOR THE MORNING ROLL CALL: EGYPTIAN PRISONERS-OF-WAR, NOW IN ISRAELI HANDS AFTER BEING CAPTURED DURING INCIDENTS IN THE GAZA REGION.

It seems evident that in the spasmodic fighting which has occurred recently in the Gaza area between Egyptian and Israeli forces, the former have fared rather the worse. Apart from sustaining more numerous casualties, they have suffered heavily—bearing in mind the size of the operations—in troops lost to the enemy and now held by the Israelis in barbed-wire compounds. Forty-nine of these are said to have been captured during one operation, the raid at El-Auja on November 2.



MILAN'S WAY OF EASING ITS TRAFFIC CONGESTION: A TWO-WAY UNDERGROUND ROADWAY CONSTRUCTED BENEATH THE PIAZZA DIAZ, ONE OF THE BUSIEST AREAS OF THE CITY—AND REMINISCENT OF LONDON'S DISUSED TRAMWAY TUNNEL IN KINGSWAY.



ALL THAT REMAINS OF ONE OF SUSSEX'S FEW MARKET CROSSES: THE MARKET CROSS OF ALFRISTON, AFTER A LORRY HAD BACKED INTO IT ON NOVEMBER 15.

The ancient market cross in Alfriston, between Newhaven and Eastbourne, is one of very few in the county of Sussex; indeed, it is said that Chichester has the only other. The cross had been damaged previously and repaired, and now, as shown, again lies in fragments.



WAITING TO PAY THEIR LAST RESPECTS TO MME. COTY: CROWDS OUTSIDE THE MADELEINE CHURCH IN PARIS, WHERE THE COFFIN LAY IN STATE ON NOVEMBER 15.

On November 15 thousands of Parisians formed queues for hours in bitter weather before paying their last respects to Mme. Coty, wife of the President of the French Republic, who died on November 12. Her coffin, which was brought from Rambouillet to Paris on the evening of November 14, lay in state in the Madeleine



INSIDE THE MADELEINE CHURCH: PART OF THE HUGE CROWD WHICH FILED SLOWLY PAST MME. COTY'S COFFIN, WHICH WAS SURROUNDED BY WREATHS.

Church, which is the parish church of the Elysée Palace. On November 16, after a solemn requiem Mass, celebrated by the Papal Nuncio, the coffin was taken on its last journey to Le Havre, the President's and Mme. Coty's native town, where the burial took place.

THIS week-end Norway is celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of the accession of King Haakon VII. It is a more important occasion in the history of Norway than would normally be the jubilee of any sovereign, however successful in his office, however deeply beloved. The year 1905 was also that of the dissolution of the union of Norway and Sweden, and though various dates might be chosen for the anniversary of that event—including September 23, when the two countries came to terms in the negotiations at Karlstad—November 25 seems the most suitable in this case also. But, of course, the two events are indissolubly linked. They are linked by the good fortune of Norway, when making a new start with a sovereign purely her own for the first time since the death of Haakon VI. in the fourteenth century, in choosing that sovereign so happily.

The young Prince Carl of Denmark, who assumed the old Norwegian name of Haakon on his accession to the throne of Norway, had acted with admirable prudence and foresight during the period of negotiation. He had rejected the advice of those, including his father-in-law, our King Edward VII., who desired that he should go to Norway before a clear-cut decision had been made or the Danish King, his grandfather, had given his consent. Even after all this had been settled he had insisted on a plebiscite to approve an invitation to him to accept election to the throne. This plebiscite, the second relating to the political crisis, is known to have been his own project, though considered unnecessary by the Norwegian Storting. The majority in favour of the invitation was 259,563 to 69,264, a large one in view of the fact that there was a good deal of republican sentiment in the country. Now, while Norway greets the King on his fiftieth anniversary as warmly as she greeted him on his arrival, she remembers also the brilliant Prime Minister, Christian Michelsen, who ended the union and brought him to the country.

Memories will also go back to the outstanding events of King Haakon's reign. The year 1905 marked the beginning of an era of prosperity and expansion. There was certainly a new spirit in the air which contributed to this, though it is idealising history to assert that the spirit created the era. Norway, in fact, already possessed a very fine merchant marine, and much consideration had been given to the improvement of communications in a country whose well-to-do Bergen folk had hitherto found it easier to visit London or Paris than Christiania (the present-day Oslo), at all events in winter. The First World War brought a check to prosperity, but Norway did not become involved and her merchant fleet was much in demand. After that war, development continued, some of its features displeasing the traditionalists, who lamented the passing of old customs and local characteristics.

When the Second World War broke out King Haakon was no longer a young man, but the years of this war were the greatest of his life. The tragic days of April 9 and 10, 1940, showed his full stature and that the most carefully constitutional of kings may still take the initiative at a crisis in the affairs of his country. King, Ministry, and Parliament had been forced to leave the capital. Some negotiations with the Germans had taken place. There were certain signs of wavering. Then the Germans put forward terms of which the most important feature was the acceptance by Norway of a government, wholly unconstitutional, headed by Quisling. There is no purpose now in speculating what would have happened but for King Haakon's action. He informed his Ministers that he would abdicate rather than submit. He added that he had discussed the matter with the Crown Prince, who agreed with his resolution and would refuse to succeed him in an unconstitutional régime. The Ministers agreed to continue the fight.

It did not save Norway, but it saved her self-respect. Many besides those who met him personally will remember King Haakon in our country, most of all perhaps members of the military club where a particular corner was traditionally reserved for him and his party after luncheon. He was a King in exile, but in exile among friends, and his own attitude was always friendly and cheerful. The contribution of Norway to the war was a valuable one, above all in the shipping which had, to a great extent, escaped the clutches of the invader. Anglo-Norwegian ties had always been strong and varied, but new ones were created in the years between 1940 and 1945. On both sides many people may well have expected them to be temporary only, but this did not prove to be the case. Now, ten years afterwards, there cannot be many

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. THE JUBILEE OF KING HAAKON.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

countries between which relations are friendlier. A certain coldness, on the other hand, between Norway and her Scandinavian neighbour, Sweden, was created by the war. The very fact that one had been invaded and conquered, while the other had escaped that ugly experience, raised an emotional barrier between them which neither people could have analysed. There were also, however, more tangible differences. Norwegians were inclined to reproach Sweden for concessions to Germany which she had made under pressure. They may have been justified in so doing, but Sweden felt that the kindness and generosity of her people to Norway played an unduly small part in the Norwegian assessment of the Swedish record in the war. In successive visits to Scandinavia I have seen this reserve, which was never more than that,

the same, but there are some resemblances between them. In the earlier part of the nineteenth century, before the desire of Norway to cut loose from Sweden had gained strength, Scandinavian unity was very much in the minds of idealists. It received a temporarily fatal blow when Norway and Sweden failed to go to the aid of Denmark in 1864.

After the Second World War there were signs of its revival. The subject was once more discussed by thoughtful Scandinavians, even to the point of a military defence pact. Finally, Sweden, the strongest and best-armed of the three, proposed such an arrangement. Norway and Denmark both decided to become members of the North Atlantic Treaty; Sweden remained outside it. Arguments can be found for both points of view. It would be difficult to accuse an allied Scandinavia of aggressive intentions, and, after it had become impossible to create an alliance, a neutral Sweden might possibly run less risk of being attacked than a Sweden which had entered N.A.T.O. On the other hand, the Scandinavian nations were, and are, relatively weak, and a pact would not suffice to make them strong in a war of great Powers. Nor could either weakness or abstention from entering

treaties be considered strong guarantees against aggression, as Norway's own recent history proved.

N.A.T.O. itself was in some ways gravely deficient in strength when Norway and Denmark joined it. They did, however, secure the advantage that they could not be attacked without bringing on a war waged by their partners against their aggressor. This constituted, to use a word which has since become fashionable, a deterrent. Norway had to guide her the bitter memory of her own folly in 1940, the frivolous neglect of precautions which would have allowed her to make use of such resources as she had. Few, if any, of the smaller countries which are members of N.A.T.O. have taken membership more seriously. She has in time of peace made preparations for defence and assumed an alertness far more thorough than she did during the seven months of war before she was attacked by Germany. It may be taken for granted that her Government has never regretted the decision to become a signatory to the North Atlantic Treaty. And, though Sweden has not become a member, the two countries have in the interim drawn closer to each other from the point of view of defence.

King Haakon has witnessed and taken part in great changes in the half-century which his reign has already spanned. When he ascended the throne Norway had indeed been self-governing in internal affairs for a long time, but only in 1905, when the breach with the Swedish Crown occurred, had a Norwegian Foreign Ministry been hastily improvised. Norway had always been a nation and had never been in any way assimilated by either Denmark or Sweden, but characteristics of nationhood have since developed, in part because they have been fostered, but to a great extent naturally. The dissolution of the union with Sweden was, frankly, an experiment, and to many unprejudiced outside observers seemed at the time a risky one. Though foreign arguments on the subject were conducted mainly between the disciples of order and authority on the one hand and of liberty on the other, there were those, perhaps more philosophical, who looked at it in the light of Scandinavian unity, and these regretted the dissolution.

That is an indefinite as well as a big question. There can, however, be few who would now deny that for Norway herself the experiment inaugurated by Michelsen has been a success. The contribution of King Haakon to this success is equally indisputable. His sound and steady judgment, his honesty, reliability, and strength of mind, all these have been assets

to his people. He has played his part well in good times and bad. Though quiet and undemonstrative in manner, he has also shown himself to be possessed of a charm which has added to his popularity. It has been a notable personal achievement to establish the Norwegian Crown so firmly in the course of a single reign. Nowadays, States achieving freedom are more likely to set up a republican régime than to seek a sovereign, but perhaps fewer would do so if they could be sure of finding a king of the calibre of King Haakon VII.

It is to be regretted that the King's accident should have prevented him from taking as full a part in the ceremonies as he would otherwise have done. One can be confident, however, that he will be left in no doubt of the pride which the people of Norway take in him and of the deep affection in which they hold him.



FIFTY YEARS AGO: THE BEGINNING OF A GREAT REIGN. THE YOUNG KING HAAKON, CARRYING THE CROWN PRINCE OLAF, BEING WELCOMED AT CHRISTIANIA (OSLO) ON NOVEMBER 25, 1905, BY THE NORWEGIAN PRIME MINISTER, CHRISTIAN MICHELSEN.

Fifty years ago yesterday (November 25) the young Prince Carl of Denmark stepped ashore in Norway to become King Haakon VII., the constitutional monarch of Norway, newly separated from Sweden; and was greeted by "the brilliant Prime Minister, Christian Michelsen, who ended the union and brought him to the country." In his article on this page Captain Falls discusses the character and achievement of King Haakon, whose jubilee is now being celebrated; and writes of him: "His sound and steady judgment, his honesty, reliability and strength of mind, all these have been assets to his people. He has played his part well in good times and bad. Though quiet and undemonstrative in manner, he has also shown himself to be possessed of a charm which has added to his popularity. It has been a notable personal achievement to establish the Norwegian Crown so firmly in the course of a single reign."

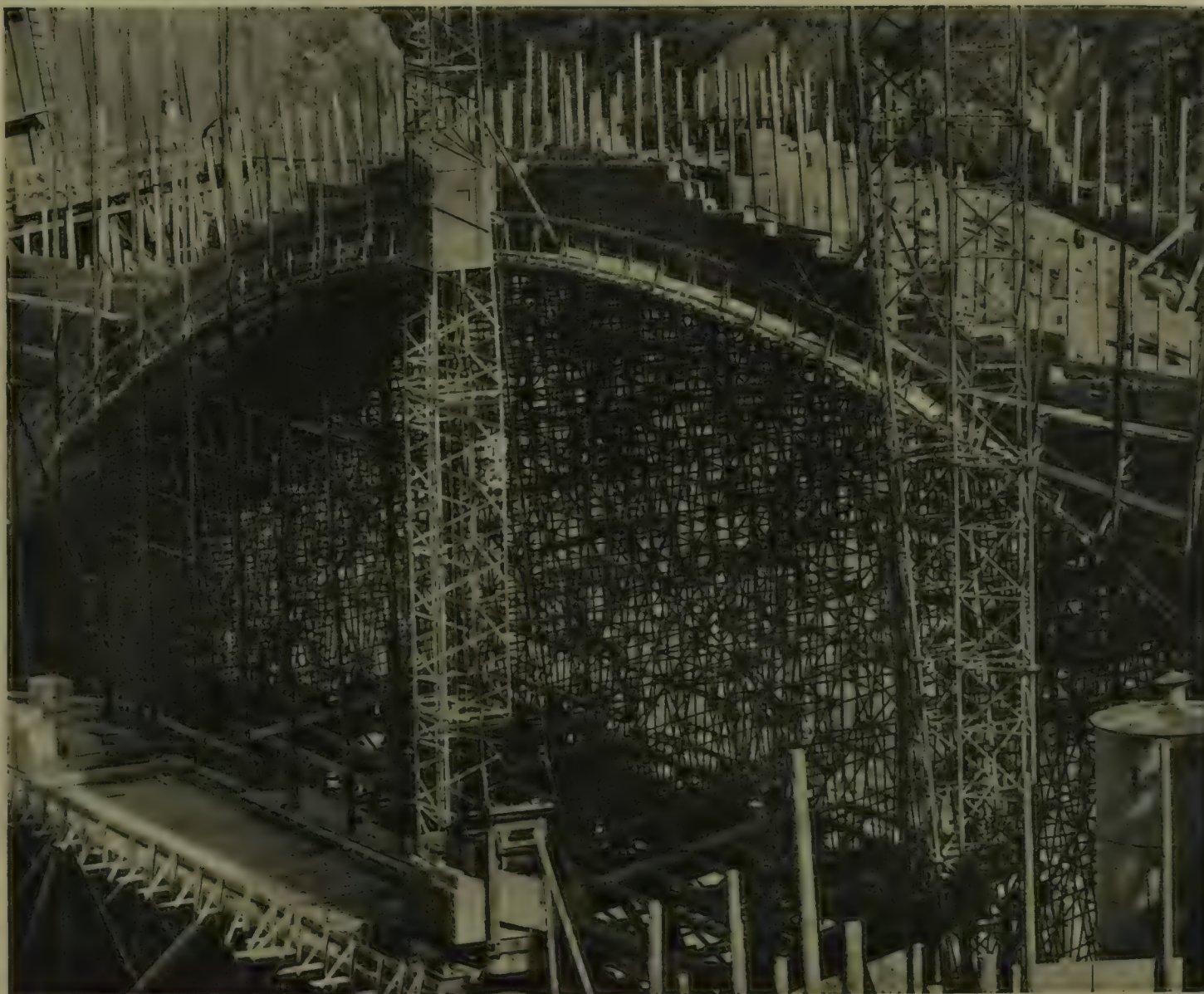
melting. The political relations between the two countries remained friendly throughout, as those of both did with the third Scandinavian kingdom, Denmark, from which King Haakon had come to Norway.

The bonds of sympathy, and a certain sense of solidarity, between these three countries is, in fact, highly unusual, if not unique. It extends to some extent to Finland, which has a considerable Swedish element in its population. It is not, however, wholly based on race, or, indeed, on sentiment. Norway was united with Denmark for well over 400 years. During nearly half that time she was united with Sweden also; in fact, all Scandinavia, and Finland, have been ruled by one king. Even when nationalist feeling demands separation, and old grievances are not completely forgotten, associations of such a nature leave traces which are not easily effaced. The national interests are not



A NEW BRIDGE FOR THE OLD : THE NEW ROAD BRIDGE OVER THE SCHÖLLENEN GORGE, ON THE ST. GOTTHARD PASS, UNDER CONSTRUCTION WHILE TRAFFIC CONTINUES OVER THE OLD STONE BRIDGE, WHICH WAS BUILT IN 1828.

FOR over 700 years the main thoroughfare across the Alpine mountains into Switzerland has been the St. Gotthard Pass. This pass has always had one particularly weak spot—the Schöllenen Ravine—which can only be crossed by a bridge. The first bridge was built in about 1250 by a blacksmith from Göschenen. This was replaced by a stone bridge in 1595. In 1828 a larger and sounder bridge was built, which became in time a favourite route for nineteenth-century tourists to the South. In recent years it has become clear that this bridge could no longer stand the strain of the ever-increasing bulk of modern motor traffic. Plans were put in hand for the construction of a new "Devil's Bridge," which was started this spring. By dint of a carefully co-ordinated programme it was expected to take only six months to complete, and should be ready for use this winter. Though the construction engineers have made use of all the most modern methods, the basic material being used for the bridge is granite hewn from the local rocks and bound with a special kind of mortar. This method was already popular with the ancient Romans, and is being used again now because it is considered to be the best way of conveying the great strain of the 3000-ton weight of the bridge, and of the traffic crossing it, to the solid walls of rock on either side.



AN INTRICATE MAZE OF SCAFFOLDING : THE MAIN SPAN OF "THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE" ACROSS THE SCHÖLLENEN GORGE IS SHOWN NEARING COMPLETION. THE BRIDGE IS BUILT LARGELY OF GRANITE BLOCKS HEWN LOCALLY AND BOUND WITH MORTAR.

A NOTABLE FEAT OF SWISS ENGINEERING : THE NEW "DEVIL'S BRIDGE" ON THE ST. GOTTHARD PASS.



MAKING MAPS IN THE ANTARCTIC: METHODS AND EQUIPMENT TO BE USED BY THE

It was announced last June that the Colonial Office had decided to sponsor an aerial survey of the Graham Land Peninsula on the fringes of the Antarctic. The survey has been entrusted to Hunting Aerosurveys, Limited, of London; the purpose of the undertaking will be to obtain air photographic cover of some 50,000 square miles of this remote and little-known territory, and from this coverage to revise and supplement the existing maps built up over the years from information supplied by explorers and the Falkland Islands Dependencies Survey teams. The base ship, the *Oluf Sven* (950 tons), left London in October and is due to arrive at Deception Island in early December, when the ice in the haven begins to break up. It will be supported by two "Canso" (Catalina amphibian) aircraft, due to leave

Canada for the Deception Island base on November 23. These two aircraft will be used to provide the aerial photographs of the mountainous and barren territory of Graham Land. They will use two types of camera, one of which will take vertical pictures of the ground directly below its lens and the other oblique photographs of the ground either to left or right of the aircraft. Aerial photographs are perspective photographs, so that sizes of objects recorded vary in size, according to their distance from the camera. To obviate this, the photogrammetric method will be used. A stereoscopic effect is obtained by making the prints overlap in such a way that when the projectors, one fitted with a red and the other with a blue filter, are set at the same angles of tilt as the air cameras, the intersecting rays

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, WITH



GRAHAM LAND SURVEY EXPEDITION IN THEIR LONELY AND HAZARDOUS ENTERPRISE.

reproduce a stereoscopic impression when viewed through spectacles of the same complementary colours. This impression, however, must be supported by data obtained by ground surveys, which will establish scale and height by star sightings with theodolites. The four surveyors will be engaged in one of the loneliest jobs that can be envisaged. Ice cliffs over 300 ft. high will bar their progress into the interior of Graham Land; they will therefore be carried, in groups of two, by Westland Sikorsky helicopter to their surveying positions. They will work during the short hours of darkness of the Antarctic summer, spending nights at a time in one of the most inhospitable climates in the world, protected only by their special clothing and "hike" tents against the chilling winds of the Antarctic.

THE CO-OPERATION OF HUNTING AEROSURVEYS, LTD

One of the two "Canso" aircraft, in addition to its photographic work, will carry an airborne magnetometer, an instrument for measuring the total intensity of the earth's magnetic field; this will provide valuable information about the territory's mineral wealth, if such exists. It is not expected to complete the aerial survey in one season, for the violent weather encountered in this region will make photography impossible for days at a time. The hazard of operating aircraft under such conditions will be countered by the installation on Deception Island of a radar ground approach aid, by means of which aircraft returning from long sorties will be guided safely in, even when the island is obscured by low cloud, rain or snow.

USING A "RAT" TO CATCH AN OCTOPUS:

A FIJIAN WOMAN TEACHING HER DAUGHTER THE ART OF OCTOPUS FISHING.



THE FIRST STEP IN THE ART OF OCTOPUS FISHING: A FIJIAN WOMAN POINTING OUT AN OCTOPUS HOLE TO HER EIGHT-YEAR-OLD DAUGHTER. HAVING CLEARED THE PIECES OF DEAD CORAL THAT BLOCKED THE "DOOR," SHE IS ABOUT TO INSERT THE RAT-LURE.

ONE of the most original ways of hunting and fishing for octopus is the method employed by the natives of the south-west Pacific islands, notably Fiji. The most distinctive trick employed by the Polynesians to deceive the octopus is the rat-lure. This is believed by the Fijians to be based upon the myth which tells of the feud existing between the octopus and the rat which arose from the rat's ungrateful and scurrilous taunts after the octopus had saved it from drowning by giving it a ride to safety on its back. Fijian mothers hand this legend down to their daughters as soon as the child is old enough to start helping in the kitchen and to learn how to handle the dead octopus which are brought home. The child gets used to the stickiness of the tentacles and is not so afraid when she tackles her first live one. Later, when she is about eight years old, she begins to accompany her mother to the reef and is taught how to use a rat-lure to draw small octopus from their otherwise inaccessible coral lairs into the open. The rat-lure usually consists of a cone-shaped stone about 3 ins. long. Two oval sections cut from the back of a big cowry shell are then tied upon one side of the stone to form the back, with a length of palm-leaf midrib tied upon the other, or belly side, which is long enough to project beyond the apex of the stone to a distance of some 4 or 5 ins. This then has the appearance of a fat rat which looks even more realistic when the tail has had a number of freshly-cut narrow strips of green coconut leaf tied on it at intervals. Mr. Henry Oscar Wright, who has sent us the photographs reproduced on these pages, describes how octopus inhabit single-entrance holes in the coral reef and how their presence can be easily recognised by

(Continued below, right.)



BEGINNING TO WORK THE RAT-LURE IN AND OUT OF THE HOLE: THE CHILD WATCHES HER MOTHER, WHO HAS JUST STOPPED MAKING A SQUEAKING IMITATION OF A RAT-CALL WITH HER LIPS ON THE WET PALM OF HER HAND.



ABOUT TO KILL THE QUIVERING SUCKER-BEET CATCH: THE FIJIAN WOMAN SLIDES ONE HAND INTO THE OCTOPUS'S CONE-LIKE HEAD TO "TURN ITS CAP," WHICH BRINGS TOTAL PARALYSIS AND DEATH.

(Continued.)

the cluttered pieces of dead coral that block the entrance—this being placed in position by the tentacles after the octopus has entered. After removing these pieces of coral, the rat-lure is entered into the hole and moved briskly in and out in an aggressive manner to the accompaniment of rat-like squeaks made by the fisherwoman's lips. Before long, one or two tentacles come waving out to seize the rat-lure in their deadly embrace. When this happens the fisherwoman either dives and seizes the octopus or grabs it with her hand if the water is sufficiently shallow. In deep water she hauls the lure and the clinging octopus to the surface alongside the canoe. The octopus is so furiously determined to kill its hated enemy—the rat—that the fisherwoman has time to gaff it before it relaxes its grip and tries to escape. Then it is a comparatively simple matter, if you know how, to turn the creature's head inside out, which brings immediate paralysis and then death. In rare cases when a woman comes to grips with one which is too big to be handled in this way, and which, having got a firm grip on her arm, cannot be pulled out of its hole, she can free herself by using a short stabbing spear which she thrusts into the octopus's head. During the season a Fijian fisherwoman may catch as many as fifty in a day's hunting ranging in size, with tentacles spread, from 3 to 9 or 10 ft. across. She will sell most of these, keeping only enough for her family's requirements. When properly prepared and cooked, they are delicious to eat and have been compared to spring chicken. In Fiji the actual fishing for octopus is almost exclusively a woman's prerogative, since it is considered too undignified an occupation for the men.

(LEFT) STILL SHOWING FIGHT, DESPITE A SPEAR THROUGH ITS HEAD: AN OCTOPUS TRYING TO GRIP ITS CAPTOR'S ARM WITH ITS TENTACLES, WHICH ARE LINED WITH TWIN ROWS OF SUCTION CUPS.



WITH HALF ITS TENTACLES WRAPPED AROUND THE RAT-LURE: AN OCTOPUS BEING PULLED FROM ITS HOLE BY THE EAGER CHILD. THIS OCTOPUS NEARLY WON THE TUG-OF-WAR, BUT IN THE END THE CHILD MANAGED TO PULL IT OUT.



PROUDLY EXHIBITING HER FIRST "KILL": THE LITTLE FIJIAN GIRL HOLDING THE DEAD OCTOPUS, WHOSE TENTACLES HAVE JUST FALLEN AWAY FROM HER ARMS.



THE CONQUEROR AND THE VANQUISHED: THE SHELL "RAT" WITH THREE OF ITS DEAD VICTIMS, WHOSE NATURAL CAMOUFLAGE MERGES WITH THEIR SURROUNDINGS. THE TWO BEHIND THE "RAT" ARE UPSIDE DOWN.



SMILING AS SHE HOLDS UP THE BAG: THE FIJIAN WOMAN WHOSE CATCH WILL PROVIDE A DELICIOUS MEAL FOR HER FAMILY WHEN COOKED IN LAYERS OF BANANA LEAF WITH COCONUT MILK.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

GARDENING ON A LIMY SOIL.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

IT has always been my lot—I almost said my misfortune, but I am not so sure about that—to live and garden on soil which was poison to

rhododendrons, azaleas, and a whole lot of other lovely plants. At Stevenage, in Hertfordshire, where I gardened for forty years, the soil was stiff, almost clayey loam over chalk, and now, for nearly ten years I have been gardening in the Cotswolds on the oolitic limestone. Most of my garden is stiff with buried broken rock, and much of it is stiff with near clay. I remember the first time I tried to stab a spade into one of the beds the thing rebounded with a jar which nearly broke my wrist. I soon found that in those parts of the garden one can not push a spade in or a fork or a trowel. It has to be insinuated.

Is it a case of sour grapes when I say that I am not sure that it is my misfortune that I am precluded from growing rhododendrons? I don't think so. But there seems to be a dreadful tendency among folk who garden on a rhododendron soil to grow the gaudy things to the almost total exclusion of countless other grand shrubs. They are apt to become rhododendron addicts. One symptom of advanced cases is a certain snobbishness about "Pink Pearl." Perhaps the ideal state of affairs would be to have in one's garden a natural outcrop of peat, which would permit of a strictly limited outbreak of rhododendrons.

As things are, I have one solitary rhododendron planted out in my lime-stricken soil, and that is doing very well indeed. It is a youngish specimen of the Alpenrose of the European Alps, *Rhododendron ferrugineum*, which is one of the very few species which is prepared to flourish on a limy soil. My plant is descended from a vast specimen which I saw growing at Glamis Castle many years ago, and of which the present president of the R.H.S. gave me cuttings. But, incidentally, it is not the normal type *Rhododendron*

fat, rust-coloured buds ready for next summer's flowering. Apart from this one specimen, in open ground, I grow a few dwarf azaleas and rhododendrons in pots, for bringing into the house in spring, and water them as far as may be with rain-water.

There are a number of other plants which limy conditions forbid my growing. But fortunately there are near relatives of some of them which make



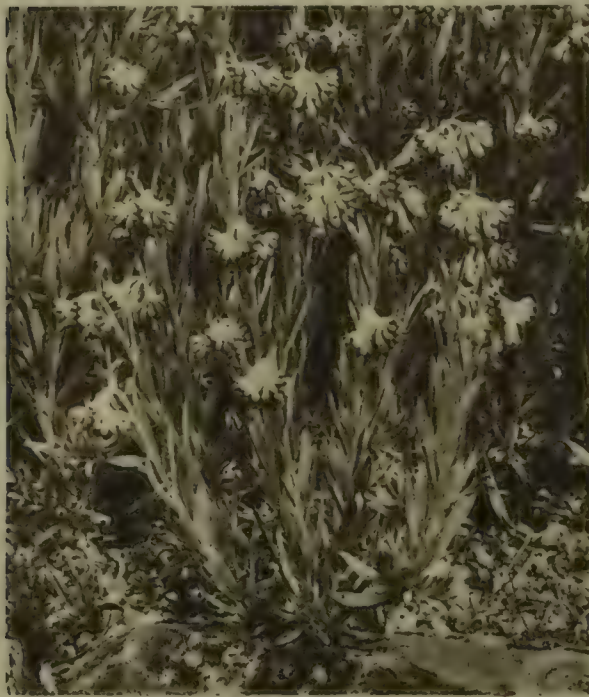
A WONDERFUL SUBSTITUTE FOR *GENTIANA SINO-ORNATA* ON LIMY SOILS: *GENTIANA FARRERI*, WITH "CAMBRIDGE-BLUE TRUMPETS WITH SNOW-WHITE THROATS."

the splendid autumn-flowering *Gentiana sino-ornata* by making up slightly raised beds of peat, but here in the Cotswolds I have not yet resorted

to that trick. In my ordinary garden soil *sino-ornata* dies promptly and hideously. The leaves turn yellow, and the flowers—if the plants ever reach that stage—open a depressing purplish-mauve. But here again there is a wonderful substitute in *Gentiana farreri*, with its Cambridge-blue trumpets with snow-white throats. It was a great surprise to find that *G. farreri* fairly revelled in this extremely limy soil.

This autumn we have been enjoying a most delicious little Bergamot pear of a variety which must, I think, be practically unknown in gardens. I first met it when I was a pupil on Messrs. Rivers' nursery at Sawbridgeworth, longer ago than I can be bothered to figure out on paper. There was an aged tree whose only name was "Seedling Bergamot," which carried a heavy crop of small, almost round, pears. They seemed to me then the most delicious pears I had ever tasted. This tree had, I believe, been raised from a pip in the nursery, but had for some reason never been propagated. A dozen or more years ago I wrote to Messrs. Rivers and enquired whether the old Seedling Bergamot tree still existed, and asked them—if it did—to graft me a specimen. They very kindly grafted me three, one of which I gave to my daughter. The other two migrated with me to the Cotswolds nine years ago, and have fruited heavily, for their size, almost every year. The pears are spherical, and about the size of an average hen's egg. When ripe they are a rich golden colour, with a slight flecking of russet. I find it best to leave them on the tree until a few have fallen, and then gather the lot. Then, in about a fortnight or three weeks, they begin to ripen.

But there is a trick—a catch—about the ripening of Seedling Bergamot. At first I kept them until



A NEAR RELATIVE OF THE LITHOSPERMUMS: *MOLIKIA PETRAEA*, MORE UPRIGHT IN HABIT THAN *L. INTERMEDIUM* AND VERY SLOW-GROWING. "ITS HEADS OF BLOSSOM ARE AGAIN PURE GENTIAN-BLUE, AND THE PLANT FLOURISHES ON LIMESTONE OR CHALK."

ferrugineum, but a double-flowered variety. This doubling of the flowers does not either improve or detract from the charm of the little trusses of cheery red blossom. But apparently it is a rare plant. I have never met it in any other garden, nor seen it listed in any nurseryman's catalogue.

Some years ago I sent a plant of my double Alpenrose to the late Lord Aberconway at Bodnant, thinking that it would be rather a feat to contribute a rhododendron which was hitherto unknown in that Mecca of rhododendron addicts. Within a year I was told that the plant was dead. A rhododendron dead, at Bodnant of all places! Yet here, in rather vulgar and very limy loam, the plant is flourishing and covered with innumerable

very good substitutes. *Lithospermum prostratum*, for instance, which on an acid or peaty soil produces catarracts of purest gentian blue with such superb freedom, has never flourished with me. In early days I tried the foolish expedient of imported peat, but it was never a success. There is, however, its near relative, *Lithospermum intermedium*, which instead of trailing and playing at catarracts, grows steadily into a compact, rounded, evergreen bush, carrying, in summer, a wonderful display of neat heads of vivid gentian-blue flowers. In my own garden at Stevenage I had a fine specimen rather more than 2 ft. across, but by far the finest I have ever seen is in the Hertfordshire garden of the president of the R.H.S., Mr. David Bowes-Lyon. He showed it to me the last time I was there, some three years ago, and he reminded me that he had bought it from my Six Hills Nursery about thirty years ago. This noble specimen, a single plant, is well placed in a raised, sunny position at the back of a rock bank, and must measure 5, if not 6 ft. across. I greatly wish that I had a good photograph of this particular plant, which must, I think, be the finest in the country.

Molkia petraea is a near relative of the *Lithospermums*, more upright in habit than *L. intermedium*, and very slow-growing. Its heads of blossom are again pure gentian-blue, and the plant flourishes on limestone or chalk. At Stevenage I managed to grow



A LIME-LOVING AND FREE-FLOWERING LITHOSPERMUM: *LITHOSPERMUM INTERMEDIUM*, "WHICH . . . GROWS STEADILY INTO A COMPACT, ROUNDED, EVERGREEN BUSH, CARRYING, IN SUMMER, A WONDERFUL DISPLAY OF NEAT HEADS OF VIVID GENTIAN-BLUE FLOWERS."

Photographs by D. F. Merrett.

they became as responsive to a gentle exploratory pinch as a William pear. That is no good. When they have arrived at that stage they are soft, and brownish, and sleepy inside, and quite useless. I learnt the exact degree of softness—or rather, firmness—from a small boy who implored to be given one before I believed that it was ripe enough to eat. But I let him have it, and was surprised to see how juicy it was inside. I then experimented and discovered by trial and error exactly how long to keep them.

My Seedling Bergamot trees are very slow growers, putting out only a few new shoots each year, and covering themselves with a profuse crop of fat flower-buds.

FOR CHRISTMAS AND THE NEW YEAR.

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FIG. 1. "BRINGING THEM BACK ALIVE" IN IMPERIAL ROMAN TIMES: HUNTERS WITH A CAPTURED TIGER AND ANTELOPE—AN EPISODE IN "THE BIG GAME HUNT" MOSAIC.



FIG. 2. FROM THE MOSAIC OF "THE CHASE": A WILD BOAR HAS BEEN KILLED AND THE CARCASS IS TIED TO A POLE AND BROUGHT HOME—AND THE DOG BOUNDS IN TRIUMPH.



FIG. 3. A FINE PRIZE FOR THE WILD BEAST SHOW: HUNTERS IN "THE BIG GAME HUNT" DRAG IN A CAPTURED RHINOCEROS. IN THE BACKGROUND ARE A HIPPO AND A CROCODILE.



FIG. 4. FROM "THE BIG GAME HUNT": SERVANTS IN SHORT TUNICS GUIDE CAPTURED OSTRICHES UP THE GANGWAY OF THE VESSEL WHICH WILL TAKE THEM TO ROME.

In several issues since 1951 we have reported the astonishing Imperial Roman mosaics uncovered in the very large Roman villa at Piazza Armerina, in Sicily. Here and on the next three pages we reproduce nineteen colour photographs which give some idea of the amazing range, beauty and interest of these mosaics, about which Dr. GINO VINICIO GENTILI, who has directed the excavations since 1950, writes:

THE excavation of the Roman villa at Piazza Armerina, in Sicily, has revealed an extraordinary number of large mosaic surfaces decorated for the most part with figure subjects. The mosaics are, in fact, pictures which one can admire as they lie there before one. The information given in this article is not new, and indeed has been previously reported, for the most part, in earlier issues of "The Illustrated London News" (December 22, 1951; March 8, 1952, and July 12, 1952), but it seems to me important to summarise

[Continued opposite.

(RIGHT.) FIG. 5. PART OF THE PERISTYLE AT THE IMPERIAL VILLA AT PIAZZA ARMERINA, SHOWING A CORRIDOR WITH A PATTERN OF ANIMAL HEADS IN CIRCLES, WITH GUILLOCHE BORDERS SEPARATING THEM.



[Continued.] and bring up to date the subject of the most important mosaics discovered during the last two years. These draw their inspiration from mythology, like the picture of a battle between Eros and Pan (a subject already known at Pompeii and in some little mosaics at Ostia), and more especially from the mythology of the sea with a large composition of sea creatures such as Nereids, Tritons and other marine creatures, and with a large picture of Arion being carried by a dolphin over the waves. One mosaic is derived from the Homeric stories and shows Ulysses and Polyphemus. A more numerous group is of humorous genre subjects and includes some new pictures of Cupids fishing. With these we can class some lively pictures showing players, actors and singers, or miniature circus shows in which pair-chariots are drawn by birds and driven by children playing at charioteers, or children's hunting scenes which include some comic incidents involving the children and their winged enemies. Allegory is not uncommon and figures of the Seasons appear in two different forms. Finally, among the realistic mosaics (which are the most important) we may note a group of pictures showing, in

[Continued overleaf.]

ROMAN SPORT AND BIG GAME HUNTING—IN THE BRILLIANT THIRD-CENTURY MOSAICS OF SICILY.

Colour photographs by Duncan Edwards—F.P.G.



FIG. 6. THE TABLES TURNED IN "THE BIG GAME HUNT": A STRANGE SCENE IN WHICH A WINGED GRIFFIN CLUTCHES A CAGE IN WHICH A MAN IS IMPRISONED. (ABOVE.) A LION AND WILD ASS.

Continued.
my opinion, the famous family of the Emperor Hercules Maximianus, the owner of the villa. After these the most important pictures are: the great scene of the chariot race of the four-horse chariots of the four factions; a torchlight race (related to fragments); and the mosaic of "The Chase," which we illustrate in Figs. 2, 7, 8, 10 and 14. In this bright, lively, naturalistic picture we can see plainly, as in "The Big Game Hunt," of which I shall speak later, that taste for presenting anecdote and episode in pictures which is a characteristic of the African mosaic school—to which the Villa's mosaic pavements are to be attributed. In this picture, scenes of bird-catching and hunting in the countryside are shown. It is a picture of real life as lived in the neighbourhood of

Continued below.



FIG. 7. HUNTING THE STAG: A DETAIL OF A SCENE WHICH IS SHOWN IN FULL IN FIG. 10—A PAIR OF HORSEMEN CHASING STAGS INTO A CORRAL OF NETTING. FROM "THE CHASE."

Continued.
the horseman reining-in his corral is at hand and ready to strike with a two-pronged spear. In the central part of the painting are two episodes which naturally round-off the chase: a sacrifice to Diana; and an open-air picnic (Fig. 14), in which the chief huntsmen are reclining on couches in a semi-circle before a round table on which lies a fat roasted chicken—overhead an awning is spread in the branches of the trees and the resting horses paw the ground. The same anecdotal character but with a logical sequence of incidents, converging from both ends of the long corridor (60 metres by 5 metres—197 ft. by 16 ft.) towards the centre, is found in "The Big Game Hunt," which has a broader, even breath-taking scope and a superb realisation of impressive scenes. Starting from the two ends, there is a succession of

Continued below.



FIG. 8. ONE OF THE MOST VIVID—AND TOUCHING—INCIDENTS OF "THE CHASE": A MARE EXHAUSTED, CROUCHES IN A BUSH, WHILE THE HUNTER REINS IN HIS HORSE AND RAISES HIS SPEAR.



FIG. 9. THE TRIUMPHANT END OF "THE BIG GAME HUNT": A WILD GOAT AND TWO OSTRICHES (SEE ALSO FIG. 4) ARE EMBARKED.



FIG. 10. A LARGE SECTION OF THE MOSAIC OF "THE CHASE"—ONLY THE LOWER HALF WAS WETTED TO BRING OUT THE COLOURS. ABOVE THE STAG HUNT, ON THE LEFT, A DOG DRIVES A WOLF IN A CAVE.



FIG. 11. A ROMAN HUNTING TECHNIQUE DISPLAYED IN "THE BIG GAME HUNT": WHILE THE HUNTMEN CROUCH BEHIND SHIELDS, A PANTHER DRAWS NEAR TO AN OPEN CAGE BAITED WITH A KID.



FIG. 12. AFTER THE SUCCESS OF "THE BIG GAME HUNT," THE SMALLER ANIMALS ARE LOADED INTO CRATES AND CARTS FOR TRANSPORT.



FIG. 13. THE PROBABLE HEAD OF THE FAMILY WHICH OWNED THE VILLA, THE EMPEROR MAXIMIANUS, WITH HIS BODYGUARD, IS SHOWN AMONG A GROUP OF INCIDENTS OF "THE BIG GAME HUNT."

Continued.
the villa during the last years of the third century A.D.: from the setting-out of the hunters, the pursuit of deer on horseback towards prepared nets (Figs. 7 and 10), the capture of a hairy wild boar and the carrying of it back, tied to a pole, while lively dogs bound around (Fig. 3), to the hunting of thrushes, both with birdlime and by hawks. Among these various episodes the hunting of the hare (Fig. 8) has an especial naturalness. In a bush at the foot of a tree which gives the scene a Hellenistic look, the hare, portrayed with the greatest realism, hides, worn out by the pursuit of the horsemen. It has tried to escape, but

Continued above, right.



FIG. 14. THE CHEERFUL END OF "THE CHASE": UNDER AN AWNING HUNG FROM THE TREES, THE HUNTMEN DRINK AND PREPARE TO FEAST ON A FAT ROAST CHICKEN, THEIR HORSES TETHERED IN THE BACKGROUND.

Continued.
fights between animals, lion hunts, wild boar hunts and the capturing alive of wild beasts, such as the taking of the tiger-cubs (Fig. 15) from a cave by a horseman who rides off towards a boat, or the trapping of a panther (Fig. 17) in an open cage in which a kid has been tied as a bait; and the mysterious picture (Fig. 6) of a mythical griffin seizing a cage in which a man is imprisoned. In addition to the scenes of trapping, animals are shown being brought back alive, either in carriages of various kinds or being pulled along by their captors (Figs. 1, 3, 4, 9, 12). The same Emperor Maximianus, accompanied by two bodyguards, is also present

Continued below.



FIG. 15. FROM "THE BIG GAME HUNT": A HORSEMAN CLUTCHING A CAPTURED TIGER-CUB GALLOPS ON TO A SMALL BOAT, WHILE A LEOPARD AND WILD GOAT CONFRONT EACH OTHER IN THE BACKGROUND.



FIG. 16. ONE OF THE TEN "BIKINI" GIRLS OF THE EXTRAORDINARY PIAZZA ARMERINA MOSAIC OF THE FOURTH CENTURY A.D. THIS BALL-PLAYING GIRL SHOWS CLEARLY A CURIOUS SLENDER ATTENUATION.

(Continued.)

in the mosaic (Fig. 13)—symbolically, according to l'Orange, who was the first student of the mosaics to make this proposed identification. To round off these incidents there is the representation of the embarkation of the captured animals in two large, oared sailing vessels, moored in the centre of the composition in a sea full of fish and enlivened with glistening faience tesserae (Fig. 9). The captured wild beasts were evidently destined for the *venationes*, the spectacular wild-beast shows in the amphitheatre which were so dear to the taste of the Romans of the Imperial era. A wild goat and two

[Continued below.]



FIG. 17. A GENERAL VIEW OF THE MOSAIC SHOWING EIGHT OF THE TOTAL TEN GIRLS PORTRAYED IN THIS REMARKABLE COMPOSITION. IT IS NOW GENERALLY BELIEVED THAT THEY ARE TAKING PART IN A SORT OF BEAUTY AND GRACE CONTEST ON THE LAWNS OF THE GYMNASIUM OF SOME *THERMÆ*.



FIG. 18. PRESUMABLY TAKING PART IN A CALLISTHENIC DISPLAY: TWO OF THE LARGE-EYED, SCANTILY-DRESSED GIRLS, ONE WITH A DISCUS, THE OTHER WITH DUMB-BELLS.



FIG. 19. APPARENTLY THE BEAUTY QUEEN OF THE DISPLAY, SINCE SHE WEARS A FLOWERY CROWN AND HOLDS A BRANCH OF PALM. THE TINTING IS OF GREAT DELICACY.

A SICILIAN "BEAUTY CONTEST" OF THE 4TH CENTURY A.D.: THE AMAZING MOSAIC "BIKINI GIRLS."

(Continued.)

ostriches are being pushed on to the ship (Fig. 9) by servants dressed in short-patterned tunics along a gangway laid against the stern of a vessel—of which we can see the rudder and the after oars. It is possible to recognise characteristics of style of the pictures of the age of the Tetrarchs (A.D. 298-300), in the faces of the figures, the lively expression of their eyes, in the short curly or straight hair, and in the vigorous movement. The mosaic of the ten girls (Figs. 16-19) is completely different, both in subject and style, from the earlier mosaics of the age of the Tetrarchs. This mosaic caused considerable interest from the fact that it showed the girls in a most scanty dress, a mere band at the bosom and slips, precisely like the "bikini" of to-day. The girls are shown taking part not in those aquatic performances which in the later Imperial times were staged in swimming-baths built in the orchestra floor of theatres, but rather in a display of physical exercises, a competition perhaps staged after bathing on the lawn of the gymnasium of the *thermæ*, with victory

marked by the wreath and palm which the cloaked judge awards to the winner. Various interpretations can be given to the scene; and, with reference to the style and iconography, we may remark on the excessive lengthening of the bodies and their slender build, the three-dimensional impression being achieved by soft, shaded modelling (Figs. 16, 19). In harmony with this is a certain delicacy of the facial features, and, especially noticeable, the abnormal enlargement of the eyes (Fig. 18), which become the dominant features of the whole face—a peculiarity which makes its appearance in the age of Constantine (fourth century A.D.) and reaches its peak in the sophisticated art of Honorius and Theodosia (beginning of the fifth century A.D.). This can be seen in the figures of some of the Antioch mosaics, for example, that of the Ananeosis. In some of the girls there is a nearly impossible distortion of the limbs, and a parallel for this can be found in figures on silver vases from the treasure found at Concesti, Rumania, which can be dated to A.D. 400.

Colour photographs by Duncan Edwards—F.P.G.

AT THE LONDON GALLERIES:

I. FRENCH PAINTINGS AT THE MARLBOROUGH GALLERY. II. RECENT WATER-COLOURS BY EDWARD SEAGO.
III. FINE OLD MASTERS AT AGNEW'S. IV. SELECTIONS FROM OTHER CURRENT EXHIBITIONS.

19TH AND 20TH CENTURY FRENCH MASTERS: AT THE MARLBOROUGH GALLERY.



"HARBOUR SCENE WITH SHIPS"; BY EUGENE BOUDIN (1824-1898). THIS IS ONE OF SEVERAL WORKS BY BOUDIN TO BE SEEN AT THE EXHIBITION, "19TH AND 20TH CENTURY FRENCH MASTERS," AT THE MARLBOROUGH GALLERY, 17-18, OLD BOND STREET.
(Oil on panel; 11 by 16½ ins.)



"MATIN D'HIVER"; BY ALFRED SISLEY (1839-1899), WHO WAS ONE OF THE FOUNDERS OF THE IMPRESSIONIST SCHOOL. HIS WORK WAS REPRESENTED IN THE FIRST EXHIBITION OF THE IMPRESSIONISTS IN 1874. THIS CANVAS WAS PAINTED IN 1878.
(Oil on canvas; 23½ by 32 ins.)



"MAUVE, PINK AND WHITE CHRYSANTHEMUMS IN A GLASS BOWL"; BY IGNACE HENRI FANTIN-LATOURE (1863-1904).
(Oil on canvas; 18½ by 16½ ins.)



"HAMLET ET HORATIO AU CIMETIERE"; BY EUGENE DELACROIX (1798-1863). THIS IMPORTANT PAINTING IS SIGNED AND DATED 1835, AT WHICH TIME DELACROIX WAS BEGINNING TO GET PATRONAGE IN FRANCE.
(Oil on canvas; 39½ by 32 ins.)



"LES ANEMONES"; BY ODILON REDON (1840-1916). WHOSE WORK IS NOT VERY OFTEN TO BE SEEN IN THIS COUNTRY. (Pastel; 27½ by 20½ ins.)



"PETIT DEJEUNEER SOUS LA TONNELLE"; BY PIERRE BONNARD (1867-1947). THIS PAINTING WAS IN THE COLLECTION OF THE ARTIST, PAUL SERUSIER. (Oil on carton; 25½ by 19½ ins.)



"LE SECRET DE L'AMOUR"; BY JEAN BAPTISTE COROT (1796-1875). THIS SUPERB EXAMPLE OF COROT'S WORK IS DATED 1865. (Oil on panel; 18½ by 34 ins.)

THE MARLBOROUGH GALLERY has been able to collect eighty-one works for its exhibition of 19th and 20th Century French Masters, which opened on November 9. This is an interesting, worthwhile and crowded exhibition, which includes an unusually large number of important paintings. Among the earlier works, Delacroix's "Hamlet et Horatio au Cimetière" and Corot's "Le Secret de l'Amour," which are both reproduced above, are outstanding. Sisley's "Matin d'Hiver" is one of a group of five examples of this artist's work. There are also five Boudins, one of which is shown above. Edgar Degas is well represented with four characteristic drawings and three sculptures of dancers and nudes. Van Gogh's "Still Life with Lemons and Blue Gloves" has not been seen before in this country. It is hung in the same room as Modigliani's impressive "Nu au Coussin Blanc."

AT THE LONDON GALLERIES II.: RECENT WATER-COLOURS BY EDWARD SEAGO.



"A HERRING DRIFTER AT SEA" IS ONE OF SIXTY RECENT WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS BY EDWARD SEAGO WHICH ARE TO BE SEEN AT AN EXHIBITION AT THE GALLERIES OF MESSRS. P. AND D. COLNAGHI, 14, OLD BOND STREET. (11 by 15 ins.)

EDWARD SEAGO, R.B.A., is only forty-five years old, but his work has been well known in London for over twenty years, and he now has an almost world-wide reputation. He is one of the most gifted of contemporary landscape painters, and his work follows closely in the best traditions of the English School. He studied landscape painting under Bertram Priestman, R.A., and he had his first one-man exhibition in London in 1933. Since then he has had many exhibitions in London, several in Norwich (Norfolk is his home county), and his work has also been shown in the U.S.A. and in Canada. The current exhibition of his recent water-colour drawings opened at Colnaghi's on November 9, and

[Continued below.]



"THE THAMES AT RICHMOND"; BY EDWARD SEAGO, R.B.A. THIS IS ONE OF SEVERAL STUDIES OF THE THAMES INCLUDED IN THIS EXHIBITION, WHICH REMAINS OPEN UNTIL DECEMBER 3. (14½ by 21½ ins.)



"WINDSOR CASTLE FROM THE RIVER." THIS IS A LARGER VERSION OF A WATER-COLOUR OF THE SAME SUBJECT WHICH IS INCLUDED IN THE EXHIBITION. IT IS A GOOD EXAMPLE OF EDWARD SEAGO'S HANDLING OF CROWD SCENES. (14½ by 21½ ins.)



"MARLOW" IS TYPICAL OF EDWARD SEAGO'S FINE WORK IN THE TRADITION OF THE BRITISH WATER-COLOUR SCHOOL. MR. SEAGO IS ALSO WELL KNOWN FOR HIS LANDSCAPES AND PORTRAITS IN OILS. (11 by 15 ins.)

[Continued.]

continues until December 3. As well as a large number of studies of various points on the River Thames, the exhibition includes work done in Italy, Portugal, and one or two drawings of the artist's home county of Norfolk. Many of these water-colours show Mr. Seago's wonderful rendering of the reflection of light on water, as in "The Thames at Richmond," which is shown above. In his drawing of figures and crowd scenes one is reminded of the work of Boudin. In this pleasing exhibition of water-colours Edward Seago once again confirms his place as a leading exponent of the more traditional in contemporary English art.



"THE FONTANA DI TREVI, ROME." HERE EDWARD SEAGO HAS MADE A STRIKING DRAWING OF THE FAMOUS ROMAN FOUNTAIN, WHICH WAS RECENTLY FEATURED IN THE FILM "THREE COINS IN THE FOUNTAIN." (15 by 21½ ins.)



"IN THE PALACE GARDENS, QUELUZ, PORTUGAL." EDWARD SEAGO SPENDS MUCH TIME TRAVELLING IN EUROPE AND HE SHOWS SEVERAL STUDIES OF PORTUGAL IN THE CURRENT EXHIBITION AT COLNAGHI'S. (11 by 15 ins.)

AT THE LONDON GALLERIES III.: FINE OLD MASTERS AT AGNEW'S.



"MADAME FAVART"; BY J. B. VAN LOO (1684-1745). THE SITTER WAS ONE OF THE MOST BRILLIANT ACTRESSES OF THE OPERA COMIQUE. (Canvas; 32 by 25½ ins.)



"A YOUNG ECCLESIASTIC." THIS STRIKING PORTRAIT IS BY THE FLORENTINE ARTIST, FRANCIABIGIO (1482-1525), WHO IS BEST KNOWN FOR HIS PORTRAITS. (Panel; 23½ by 18 ins.)



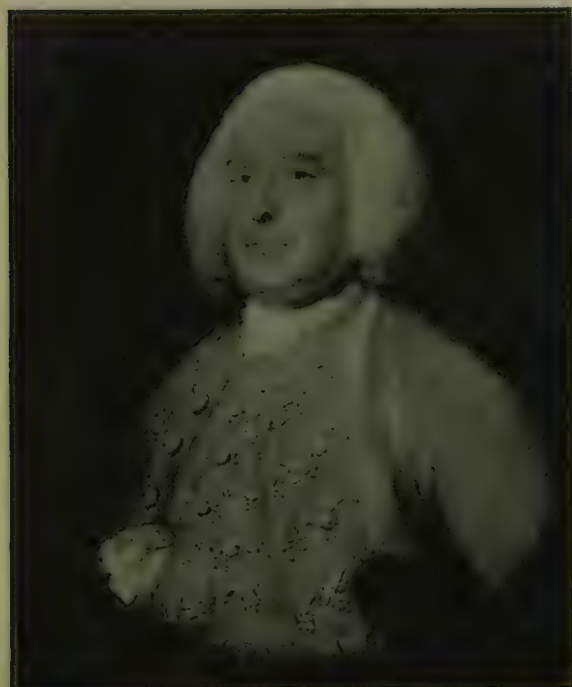
"THE MADONNA AND CHILD"; BY GIAMPETRINO (EARLY SIXTEENTH CENTURY), WHO IS REPUTED TO HAVE BEEN A PUPIL OF LEONARDO DA VINCI. (Panel; 25½ by 18½ ins.)



"THE FERRY"; BY SALOMON VAN RUISDAEL (1600-1670). SALOMON WAS THE UNCLE, AND PROBABLY THE TEACHER, OF THE MORE FAMOUS JACOB VAN RUISDAEL. HE MODELLED MUCH OF HIS WORK ON THAT OF VAN GOYEN. (Panel; 29 by 35½ ins.)



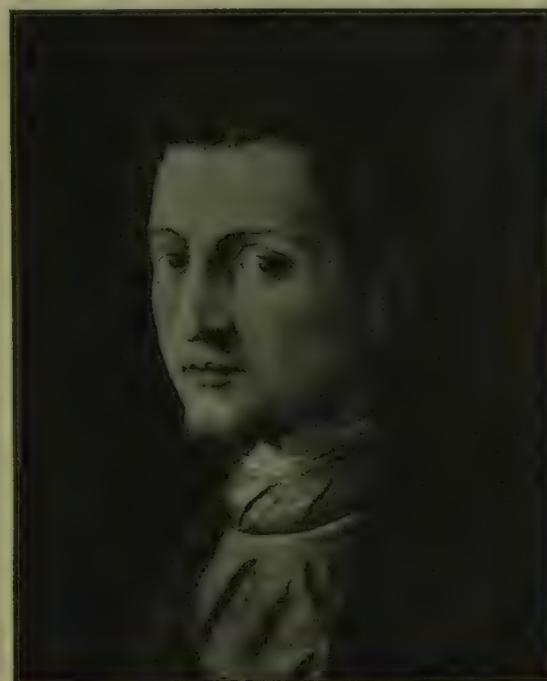
"TWO TIGERS IN A ROCKY LANDSCAPE"; BY GEORGE STUBBS, A.R.A. (1724-1806). STUBBS WAS VERY FOND OF PAINTING LIONS AND TIGERS, AND THIS POWERFUL STUDY ILLUSTRATES HIS GREAT GIFTS AS A DRAUGHTSMAN. (Panel; 35 by 41½ ins.)



ONE OF SEVERAL STRIKING PORTRAITS IN THIS EXHIBITION: "MR. HENRY FANE OF WORMSLEY, OXFORDSHIRE"; BY THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH, R.A. (Canvas; 29 by 24½ ins.)



"PORTRAIT OF ANDREW CHERRY AS 'LAZARILLO' IN 'TWO STRINGS TO YOUR BOW'"; BY SIMON DE WILDE (1748-1832). (Panel; 9½ by 7½ ins.)



"PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG MAN WITH RED HAIR"; BY FRANCESCO SALVIATI (1510-1563), A FLORENTINE WHO TOOK HIS NAME FROM HIS PATRON. (Panel; 19 by 16½ ins.)

"The Autumn Exhibition of Fine Pictures by Old Masters" is being shown at Agnew's Galleries, 43, Old Bond Street, until December 3. There are thirty-five paintings including important examples of the Italian, Dutch, French and English Schools. Outstanding among the Italian paintings are the portrait by Franciabigio, and "The Madonna and Child," by Giampetrino, which are both illustrated above. The portrait stands out against a background of a strikingly rich green—such as is often found in Florentine paintings—while the background of the Madonna is an intricate pattern of leaves on trellis-work,

which has unfortunately become very dark. Also in the exhibition are two long, narrow panels attributed to Bartolommeo di Giovanni (working 1480-1510), which depict scenes from the life of Achilles, and were probably originally made as *cassoni* decorations. Among the English paintings not shown above are an interesting early Gainsborough portrait of Mr. Lambe Barry, Francis Hayman's lively "The Game of Quadrille," one of a series of decorations painted for Vauxhall Gardens, and a powerful painting of Hampstead Heath by John Constable, which has a most striking, thunderous sky.

AT THE LONDON GALLERIES IV.: SOME SELECTIONS FROM CURRENT EXHIBITIONS.



"EN PROMENADE" (1884) IS IN THE RETROSPECTIVE EXHIBITION OF THE WORK OF LUCIEN PISSARRO (1863-1944), WHICH IS AT THE OHANA GALLERY, 13, CARLOS PLACE. (Board; 25½ by 21 ins.)

AS is usual in the autumn, many interesting exhibitions are being shown in the London galleries at present. Some examples from five of these exhibitions are reproduced on this page. At the Ohana Gallery the Retrospective Exhibition of the Works of Lucien Pissarro (1863-1944) continues until November 26. The eldest son of Camille Pissarro, the famous French Impressionist, Lucien Pissarro, settled in England early in his life, and succeeded in building up an independent reputation. Since his death he has had several exhibitions in London. Ginette Rapp, who has twenty-two paintings at the Adams Gallery, was born in Paris in 1928, and now exhibits with the Realists at the Salon d'Automne in Paris. William Henderson is now having

[Continued below.]



"ARRANGEMENT EN JAUNE DOMINANT" (1921), BY LUCIEN PISSARRO, WHO WAS THE ELDEST SON OF CAMILLE PISSARRO. LUCIEN SETTLED IN ENGLAND IN 1892 AND WAS AN IMPORTANT LINK BETWEEN ENGLISH AND FRENCH PAINTING. (Canvas; 21 by 25½ ins.)



"MAISONS DANS LA GRANDE BRIERE (LOIRE INFERIEURE)," BY GINETTE RAPP, SOME OF WHOSE WORK IS TO BE SEEN AT THE ADAMS GALLERY, 24, DAVIES STREET, UNTIL NOVEMBER 30. (Canvas; 13 by 22 ins.)



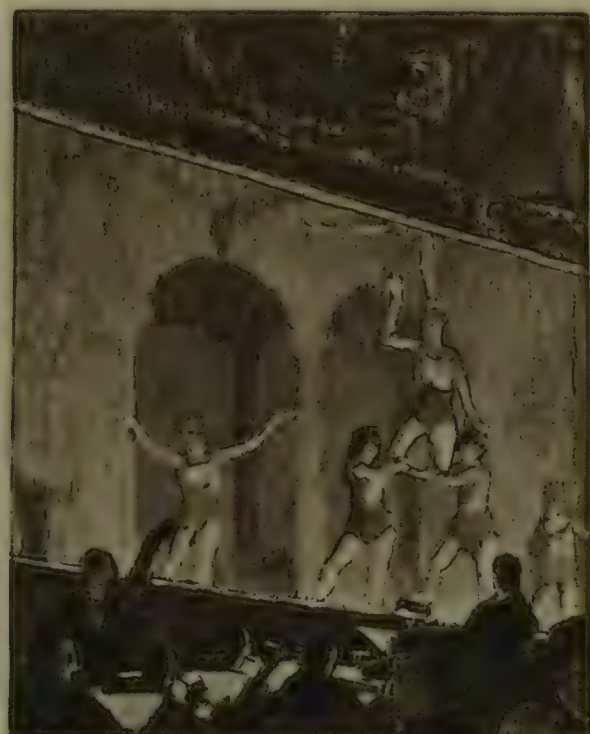
"TERRACE, BRANTOME" IS INCLUDED IN AN EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS, GOUACHES AND WATER-COLOURS BY WILLIAM HENDERSON WHICH IS AT THE REDFERN GALLERY, 20, CORK STREET, UNTIL NOVEMBER 26. (Canvas; 18 by 21 ins.)



"GAUGUINS AND CONNOISSEURS AT THE STAFFORD GALLERY" (c. 1911-12), BY FREDERICK SPENCER GORE (1878-1914), IS IN A RETROSPECTIVE EXHIBITION AT THE ARTS COUNCIL, 4, ST. JAMES'S SQUARE. (Canvas; 33 by 28½ ins.) (W. J. Keswick, Esq.)



"LA CHAMBRE DE CHASSE DU COMTE PALFFY," BY PIERRE ROY (1880-1950). A RETROSPECTIVE EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS BY PIERRE ROY IS BEING SHOWN AT THE ARTHUR JEFFRESS GALLERY, 28, DAVIES STREET, UNTIL DECEMBER 2. (Canvas; 24 by 18½ ins.) (Mme. Louise de Vilmorin.)



"GIRL ACROBATS, THE ALHAMBRA" (c. 1907) IS ALSO INCLUDED IN THE EXHIBITION OF THE WORK OF FREDERICK SPENCER GORE, WHICH CONTINUES UNTIL DECEMBER 3. (Gouache; 9½ by 7½ ins.) (Rex Nan Kivell, Esq.)

his third exhibition at the Redfern Gallery, and continues to show charming paintings and water-colours. The paintings of Pierre Roy (1880-1950) at Arthur Jeffress's show this artist's close connections with the French Surrealist movement.

Frederick Spencer Gore (1878-1914) was the first President of the Camden Town Group. The retrospective exhibition arranged by The Arts Council gives ample opportunity to follow Gore's development.



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. MEDIÆVAL FRESCOES IN YUGOSLAVIA.

A Review by FRANK DAVIS.

of the personages grim, forbidding and other-worldly, to a more human, some would say, perhaps, a sentimental, aspect, culminating in a Virgin of the Annunciation (Plate XII.), of about the year 1235, of unusual tenderness and dignity. Here I must quote Talbot Rice: "There was no need for Byzantine artists to make paintings attractive; so superficial an aim was outside their objective, which was of an entirely different order. It was the essence, not the surface, that mattered, and in its search for this, Byzantine art was seeking the very opposite of that which was the concern of many Western artists. Use was, moreover, made of diametrically opposed methods to achieve this aim.

about Byzantine art imposed by ecclesiastical doctrine, but surely the whole point about this particular Annunciation is that the painter has burst his bonds and endowed his Virgin with life in which body and spirit are subtly blended; this surely is a timid, gracious young woman of flesh and blood, shrinking from and yet humbly accepting the Divine Will, not merely a remote hieratic symbolic figure of the Mother of God. I would venture to suggest a parallel—not a near parallel, but sufficient to make my meaning clear—from Western painting of less than a century later. The great Byzantine frescoes are conceived in terms of monumental majesty; so were the paintings of

Duccio, the source of all later Siennese picture-making. Simone Martini added to this noble tradition tenderness, sweetness and light, and that is what this painter from across the Adriatic, for all his comparative lack of skill, added to his inheritance from farther East. Fumbling and provincial he may have been, yet he seems to have emancipated himself in some degree from orthodoxy and to have heard a faint echo of the pre-Christian antique world as if he was half-minded to paint, not the Madonna, but a Sybil.

I must quote again: "Hardly any of the paintings reproduced have been known even to specialists for more than a few decades; many have been brought to light only since the war, when the work of removing the coats of colour-wash and plaster put on during Turkish overlordship began to be undertaken seriously and scientifically. The work still goes on, and further discoveries of real importance may yet be made at any moment. . . . The earliest of them are really Byzantine monuments on Serbian soil; the others are intrinsically Serbian. But this does not mean that they are to be judged with Western criteria in mind, for Serbian painting adhered strictly, not only to Byzantine iconography, but also to the Byzantine idiom. That idiom has not always been properly understood in the West. Indeed, half a century ago it was despised, and even twenty-five years ago it was only the earlier, more classical manifestations of Byzantine art that were at all appreciated. Yet now there are few who would not admit the profound significance of the art; indeed, it is probably the later and less classical manifestations that are held in highest regard to-day—so much have

tastes changed in a generation."

As time goes on, freedom to travel and the publication of fine illustrated books of this high standard will doubtless combine to dispel our ignorance. What perhaps is required now is something far less expensive, written in plain language, not for the few; but for the man in the street. Professor Rice himself blazed the trail in 1954 with his Pelican book "Byzantine Art." Meanwhile, though they are ancillary to the main purpose of this volume, I should like to draw attention to the six monochrome photographs of the churches which contain the paintings reproduced in colours; they are sufficient in themselves to make us hurry to the nearest travel agency.



"THE VIRGIN OF THE ANNUNCIATION": A DETAIL OF THE ANNUNCIATION AT MILEŠEVA, WHICH WAS PAINTED IN ABOUT 1235. THE VIRGIN IS SEATED AND THE SPEAR OF LIGHT REPRESENTS THE DIVINE INSPIRATION. THIS ILLUSTRATION IS TAKEN FROM ONE OF THE THIRTY-TWO SUPERB COLOUR PLATES IN "YUGOSLAVIA—MEDIÆVAL FRESCOES," WHICH IS REVIEWED BY FRANK DAVIS ON THIS PAGE. IT IS ONE OF THE U.N.E.S.C.O. WORLD ART SERIES.

Thus, where the Western artists sought variety, the Byzantines adhered to set themes and changed minutiae only; where Western artists aimed at realism, the Byzantines employed symbolism; where Western art was finite in its ends, Byzantine sought the infinite. . . . The object was to stress the inherent spirituality, and saintly or divine personages were distinguished not only by outward symbols, such as haloes or wings, but also by the inward nature and significance of their rendering. The Virgin of the Annunciation, at Mileševa, for example, is intrinsically spiritual."

With due deference to so great an authority on a subject he has made his own, I find this large assumption unsatisfactory; true enough, there is a rigidity

WOULD it be fair to suggest that out of every thousand persons who have a nodding acquaintance with Byzantine art, 900 have to depend upon whatever happens to be in the museums of their respective countries and upon a few books and photographs, and will never have the opportunity to see Saint Sophia for themselves? If that guess is anywhere near correct, I would venture further and suggest that far fewer are even aware of the existence of a singularly noble and impressive series of frescoes in the churches of what is now Yugoslavia, dating from the eleventh to the fifteenth centuries, which, while Byzantine in technique and temper, yet exhibit characteristics which render them something more than mere provincial echoes of the style imposed upon the Eastern church by the capital city before the final disaster of 1453, when the Turks captured Constantinople. Thanks to U.N.E.S.C.O.—and I dare say some will regard it as a typical example of international extravagance—we can now consult a book* containing thirty-two splendid colour plates of details of these frescoes, together with half-a-dozen photographs of church exteriors, one of a series designed to provide the finest quality reproductions of masterpieces which have hitherto been known only to a limited few. Three volumes have already appeared—Paintings from the Ajanta Caves in India; Paintings from Tombs and Temples in Egypt; and Aboriginal Paintings from Arnhem Land, Australia. The net is indeed cast wide.

In the present volume Professor Talbot Rice contributes a preface, which is as it should be, for no man in this country or, indeed, in the world has done more than he to make us all aware of the stupendous achievement of the Byzantines, and Svetozar Radojčić, with his specialised knowledge of Serbian art, the introduction. But I am bound to admit that the latter presupposes a standard of expertise on the part of the average reader, which makes him extremely difficult to follow. I like my pastors and masters to descend to my level, which, though it may be low, is, I trust, not wholly sub-human. But if the commentary involves hard work, partly because the majority of us are so unfamiliar with mediæval Serbian history, the colour plates, both in quality and subject, are a pure joy, and an hour spent in comparing one with another is both edifying and uncommonly pleasurable.

After a time you begin to see how the character of the various frescoes alters with the years, changing from the severest monumental style, with the features

* "Yugoslavia—Mediæval Frescoes." Preface by David Talbot Rice; Introduction by Svetozar Radojčić. With thirty-two full-page colour reproductions. (The New York Graphic Society by arrangement with U.N.E.S.C.O.; £5 10s.)



BRITAIN'S FIRST—AND THE WORLD'S LARGEST—ATOMIC POWER STATION IN CONSTRUCTION: PART OF CALDER HALL "A" STATION, SHOWING (L. TO R.) TWO COOLING TOWERS (ONE INCOMPLETE) AND THE FIRST THERMAL REACTOR BUILDING. THE TURBINE GENERATING PLANT IS OFF THE PICTURE, TO THE RIGHT.



THE CURVED BASE OF THE ATOMIC REACTOR IN THE FIRST THERMAL REACTOR BUILDING, SHOWING THE PRESSURE VESSEL CONTAINER—40 FT. IN DIAMETER, 60 FT. HIGH.

NOW APPROACHING COMPLETION: BRITAIN'S FIRST—AND THE WORLD'S LARGEST—ATOMIC POWER STATION, CALDER HALL "A."

On November 16, the security restrictions surrounding Britain's first—and the world's largest—atomic power station, now in building at Calder Hall, on the Cumberland coast, a few miles south of Whitehaven, were lifted; and about 120 representatives of the world's Press (including the Russian Tass Agency) were shown round the plant as it exists at present. Eventually, by the end of 1958, it will consist of two power stations of similar design standing side by side: Calder Hall "A" and "B." The "A" station will be in regular service by the end of 1956, but its reactor, or "nuclear furnace," will be

producing heat many months earlier and there will be a running-in period before the station goes "on power." The buildings we show on these two pages are those of the "A" station. Each station consists of an atomic reactor, or "nuclear furnace," standing on either side of the turbine generating plant, and a pair of 290-ft.-high cooling towers of the shape familiar in most electric power stations. The generating hall will contain four 23 megawatt turbo-alternators—at present one of these has been installed—and at each end of this hall is a reactor with four heat-exchangers to produce steam to drive the generating

(Continued opposite.)



BUILDING THE POWER STATIONS OF TO-MORROW: MEN AT WORK ON THE WORLD'S LARGEST ATOMIC POWER STATION, AT CALDER HALL, CUMBERLAND—A VIEW FROM THE "NUCLEAR FURNACE" BUILDING TOWARDS A COOLING TOWER.

Continued.

The reactors are each contained in a pressure vessel made of 2-in. welded plates and with a diameter of 40 ft. and a height of 60 ft. In the first reactor the graphite consists of a vertical honeycomb of carefully-machined graphite blocks in which the uranium fuel rods will be inserted. Each of the turbo-alternators is capable of producing 23 megawatts of electricity, or enough to supply a town of 23,000 people. Since each of the two plants will have four turbo-alternators, it appears that the eventual electric supply of Calder Hall will be rather more than 180 megawatts, or enough for a population of a little over

180,000—or rather more than half the population of Cumberland and Westmorland. The plant will, of course, produce as well valuable quantities of plutonium for military purposes. As well as the Calder Hall power stations, a similar pair is planned at Chapel Cross, Annan, in Dumfriesshire—where work is now in the ground-preparation stage. These two pairs of atomic power stations will provide valuable operational experience for the Central Electricity Authority's programme for developing atomic power stations throughout the country to meet the progressive failure of the coal supply.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



CORMORANTS STAKE THEIR CLAIM.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

EVERYONE knows how cormorants perch with the wings held fully outspread. The attitude is so strongly reminiscent of washing hung out to dry, that it seems reasonable to suppose the cormorant, which spends so much time in the water, is in fact holding its wings out to dry. That is the generally accepted explanation, and it seems both reasonable and obvious, especially in view of the belief that a cormorant's wings have no waterproofing. This is something I find difficult to believe, for cormorants will sit all day in the rain, going into the sea at intervals to fish. If their feathers are not proofed against being water-logged, then something quite remarkable is happening.

If we examine theoretically this matter of the cormorant holding out its wings, the following points readily emerge. First, a bird spending so much time swimming half submerged, when not actually diving for fish, must have a plumage no less waterproofed than any other aquatic bird. That being so, why should cormorants alone have the need to hang the wings out to dry? Secondly, we have the fact that cormorants kept in zoos, and having their food supplied from a pail, will often hang their wings out to dry after a meal and without having been near water. The usual explanation for this is that because, in nature, this bird finds its food in water and, following a meal, returns to its perch on the rocks, there is a natural linkage between a feeding session and the need for drying the wings. In plain terms, therefore, the zoo-kept cormorant is too stupid to notice it has been fed by hand and that it has not been into water for it.

Were the hanging-out-to-dry theory correct, the necessary movements of the wings must depend upon a reflex action. Such a reflex would need an external stimulus to touch it off. In this instance, the stimulus would be water on the wings. This would

give us the sequence: water or moisture on the wings, wings stretched out; all moisture gone from the wings, wings closed. How can it be otherwise if a cormorant, unless it is capable of thinking, is to be aware when to stretch its wings and when to close them?

If, now, we watch the cormorants more closely, we find such things as these. I have watched one fly in from its fishing ground a mile away, land on the rock and almost immediately spread its wings. Yet such a long flight must have dried the wings. I have watched another spend a quarter of an hour or more fishing, swim to the base of the rock, wait for the swell to lift it on to a foothold on the rock, scramble up to its perch, preen for several minutes and not spread its wings until a quarter to half an hour later. There were enough of such observations to make it extremely doubtful whether the obvious explanation is not too simple.

It is apparent that the spreading of the wings enters into a number of activities. First, it constitutes, as in the majority of birds, an intention movement preceding the take-off in flight. In cormorants it is, however, much exaggerated. The wings may be held spread for a long time before the take-off, from land or from water. I found ten seconds, which is quite a long time for a sustained intention movement,

common. Sometimes they were held out for half a minute. Quite often the wings would be spread in this manner and no take-off occur. Then, again, there is the habit, not infrequent, of rising out of the water—sitting on the tail, so to speak—and there holding the wings spread. This might be followed by a return to the normal floating position, or by a dive. On other occasions, a cormorant holding this upright position on the water with wings spread would mix it with other movements in an elaborate bathing ritual. All such observations do little more than suggest that the action of holding the wings spread out occupies a conspicuous place in the sequence of daily activities. A more positive step was, however, made by accident.

To test my impressions more carefully, I kept under observation from the top of the cliff a rock where fourteen cormorants consistently perched. On one particular occasion, several were absent at the moment I arrived to take up my perch, and I waited to see what would

Whatever had been the significance of the wings being held spread for the period of 82 seconds, it seemed certain that the spreading wings often formed the main part of an aggressive display. This was confirmed soon after when C landed, very close to B, which immediately spread its wings, causing C to move away. A little later, D landed, also close to B, and the same performance resulted, except that B followed D with wings held out, the two walking in a dead straight line towards where C was now standing. Then a very striking thing occurred. At the moment that the distance between D and C became equal to that between D and B, C turned about and walked off. So for a few seconds there were three cormorants walking across the top of the rock in a straight line, at the same pace, and at equal distances. Moreover, the moment B called off the chase, dropped its wings and returned to its former position, D and C stopped also and remained still. That is, they maintained this particular distance the one from the other.

Now it struck me that there was some significance

in this distance. It was approximately the length of the cormorants' wing-span. Then I noted that each of the dozen cormorants was stationed this same distance, almost exactly, from its neighbours in any direction. The habit of holding the wings spread could have, among its various functions, one which was connected with spacing the birds out evenly on their perching site. That is, it could have a territorial function.

Cormorants usually fly just above the surface of the sea, although they will sometimes fly much higher. The flight appears laboured, with something of the appearance of the flight of the larger bats. Even so, the speed attained is about double that of the herring gull. When taking off from a low rock, up to 12 ft. from

the sea, a cormorant first spreads its wings (the intention movement), then launches itself into the air. But on first becoming airborne it loses height, often touches water with the feet and usually paddles a few steps, at the same time beating audibly with the wings. By this means it gains sufficient height to fly in the characteristic manner, a foot or so above the surface. When taking off from water, there is the same paddling (usually ten to twelve strokes with the feet) and the same loud beating of the wings.

Cormorants are easily alarmed and fly off in a body at one's approach. Presumably they would do the same for any danger whatsoever. Since the take-off is so laboured, if each bird were not spaced double the span of one wing from each of its neighbours, confusion, and, possibly, casualties, would result. I would suggest that it is of paramount importance in the daily life of cormorants that all should be spaced out. This is done partly by the aggressive display, in which the dominant bird causes a subordinate neighbour to move, and partly by the habit of holding the wings spread at intervals. This last assures the bird room for an immediate take-off and has become an habitual method of keeping distances and maintaining territory.

This explanation may be more involved, but it is more reasonable than the wing-drying idea.



OFF THE CORNISH COAST: CORMORANTS PERCHED ON A GROUP OF ROCKS WHICH DR. BURTON KEPT UNDER CLOSE OBSERVATION DURING A VISIT HE MADE IN THE SUMMER.

The cormorant's habit of spreading its wings while perched on rocks is well known, and it is generally believed that it is hanging out its wings to dry. This, indeed, is what it looks like until the observer takes close note of the times and conditions when the action is performed. Then it is found that more often than not the wings are spread in this way either at times when they could not be wet, or in circumstances, such as pouring rain, when they could not dry. Some other explanation, therefore, needs to be found and this is discussed by Dr. Burton in his article on this page.

Photograph by Jane Burton.

happen as each returned. The first two to arrive landed almost simultaneously, each from a fishing session not less than half-a-mile flight away. The first of these, A, landed on the left-hand corner of the rock, and after a few seconds started to preen, and continued this for just over six minutes. The second landed a short way from A, and near another cormorant that had been occupying that position from before the moment I had started the observation. The newcomer, B, made a pass at A by a slight forward thrust of the beak and simultaneously spread its wings, causing the sitting tenant to move a short distance away, whereupon B dropped its wings.

A few seconds later, B walked across the flat top of the rock to where another cormorant had been standing motionless. This time B merely spread its wings and again the sitting tenant moved away. Now, however, and this was 38 seconds from the time of the landing, B kept the wings extended, and did so for the next 82 seconds. At long intervals during that period it stretched its neck up and flapped the wings vigorously for 3 to 4 seconds on each occasion. From then onwards, until the end of four minutes from the original landing, both A and B were sitting more or less motionless, like the rest of the cormorants on this rock.

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ACKNOWLEDGING THE CHEERS IN GETTYSBURG: PRESIDENT EISENHOWER WITH MRS. EISENHOWER (LEFT), WHO WAS CELEBRATING HER FIFTY-NINTH BIRTHDAY.



PRESIDENT EISENHOWER'S TEMPORARY HEADQUARTERS: A SMALL ROOM CONVERTED INTO AN OFFICE IN THE GETTYSBURG POST OFFICE. INSET IS THE PRESIDENTIAL SEAL, WHICH CAN BE SEEN IN ITS PLACE ON THE WALL BEHIND HIS DESK.

On November 14 President and Mrs. Eisenhower drove 85 miles from Washington, where they had spent the week-end at the White House, to Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, where President Eisenhower is to complete his convalescence during a stay at his farm there. Every effort is being made to maintain his privacy at home; and it is in the little town of Gettysburg, some distance away, that a temporary headquarters has been set up on the second floor of the post office. President Eisenhower has already been working in his office there, a room measuring only 12 ft. by 24 ft. On November 14 people came to Gettysburg from miles around, both to welcome the President and to greet Mrs. Eisenhower, who was celebrating her fifty-ninth birthday. The small town of Gettysburg is the site of the battle which was considered the turning-point of the Civil War, and was the scene of Abraham Lincoln's famous "Gettysburg Address."

THE NAVY'S UNDERWATER RESEARCH.

An elaborate laboratory for underwater hydrodynamic research has been recently completed at a cost of about £1,000,000, as part of the Admiralty Research Laboratory at Teddington. It is designed to assist research and testing of underwater weapons and submarines. There are three principal features. The most conspicuous is a circular tank, housing a rotating beam which can carry underwater models rotating at speeds up to 100 knots. Such models carry instruments recording details of their performance, and the water in the tank has been specially filtered to an exceptional clarity for photographic purposes. Another building houses the marine equivalent of a wind tunnel—a closed circuit tunnel in which water can be driven at speeds up to 35 knots past a stationary model; and, finally, there is a large glass tank (29 ft. long and 9 ft. deep) into which underwater missiles (in model form) can be fired from a compressed-air catapult.



UNDER A DOME BIGGER THAN THOSE OF ST. PAUL'S AND ST. PETER'S: THE ROTATING BEAM AT TEDDINGTON, WHEREBY UNDERWATER MODELS CAN BE TESTED AT SPEEDS UP TO 100 KNOTS.



WATCHING THE GLASS-SIDED WATER-TANK INTO WHICH MODEL UNDERWATER MISSILES CAN BE FIRED: EXPERIMENTAL OFFICERS IN THE WATER ENTRY LABORATORY.



LIKE ARION ON THE DOLPHIN: A FROGMAN EMPLOYED AT THE LABORATORY WORKING ON A MODEL TORPEDO SUSPENDED IN THE WATER OF THE ROTATING BEAM TANK.

SOME PERSONALITIES AND OCCASIONS OF THE WEEK.



WOUNDED BY A GUNMAN : THE PERSIAN PREMIER.

The Persian Prime Minister, Hussein Ala, was shot at and slightly injured in the neck while attending a memorial service at Shah Mosque, Teheran, on November 17. The assailant was captured. The purpose of this attack was believed to be to prevent Hussein Ala from attending the Baghdad Pact Conference.



CONFIRMED AS BRITISH : PRINCE ERNEST OF HANOVER.

By a unanimous decision of the Court of Appeal on November 16, Prince Ernest Augustus of Hanover was declared to be a British subject. The Prince's claim was based on an Act of Naturalisation of 1705, which some authorities had considered to be superseded by the British Nationality Act of 1949.



RETURNING FROM MOSCOW : THE MEMBERS OF THE BRITISH SWIMMING TEAM.

Members of the British team at the six-day international swimming competitions held at the huge Red Army Pool in Moscow returned to this country on November 18. British swimmers won three events. Miss Judy Grinham (seen in the centre foreground), who is sixteen years old, won the 100 metres backstroke event.



A NEW WORLD WATER SPEED RECORD : MR. DONALD CAMPBELL.

On November 16 Mr. Donald Campbell, in his jet-powered *Bluebird*, broke his own world water speed record by achieving an official average of 216.2 m.p.h. on two runs over a measured kilometre on the waters of Lake Mead, Nevada. Mr. Campbell, who is thirty-four, is the son of the late Sir Malcolm Campbell, who held the world's land speed record with the original *Bluebird* car, as well as the water speed record.



AT LONDON AIRPORT ABOUT TO LEAVE FOR MOSCOW : THE PRINCIPAL MEMBERS OF THE CAST OF "HAMLET," WHICH IS TO HAVE A TEN-DAY SEASON IN MOSCOW.

Our photograph shows the five principal members of the British company which is to play "Hamlet" for a ten-day season at the Moscow Arts Theatre. They are (from left to right) Mr. Ernest Thesiger, Miss Mary Ure, Mr. Paul Scofield, Miss Diana Wynyard, and Mr. Alec Clunes. They left London Airport on November 20. The event is being eagerly anticipated in Moscow, which is a city that holds the theatre in high regard. This is the first English company to visit Russia since the Revolution.



LEAVING FOR THE BAGHDAD CONFERENCE : MR. MACMILLAN (LEFT) AND SIR GERALD TEMPLER.

On November 19 Mr. Harold Macmillan, the Foreign Secretary, and General Sir Gerald Templer, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, left London by air to attend the Baghdad Pact Conference, which started at Baghdad on November 21. Delegations from the signatories are meeting to establish an organisation to carry out the purposes of the Pact.



ON A VISIT TO LONDON : THE VICE-PRESIDENT OF YUGOSLAVIA.

Mr. Edvard Kardelj, the Vice-President of Yugoslavia, visited London as the guest of the Government from November 14 to 19. He has had talks with the Prime Minister, the Foreign Secretary and other Ministers. He was also received in audience by the Queen at Buckingham Palace on Nov. 16. The talks were described by the Foreign Office as "most valuable."



DEATH OF AN AMERICAN HISTORIAN : MR. BERNARD DE VOTO.

Mr. Bernard de Voto, who was best known for his trilogy on "The Frontier," died in New York on November 13, aged fifty-eight. He graduated from Harvard in 1920, and after several years of teaching he devoted himself largely to writing. His trilogy on "The Frontier" was most vividly written. Mr. de Voto was awarded the Pulitzer and the Bancroft Prizes.

PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE AND EVENTS OF NOTE.



NAVAL GUNNERY EXPERT : THE LATE VICE-ADM. SIR C. SIMEON.

Vice-Admiral Sir Charles Simeon, Deputy Controller at the Admiralty from 1941 to 1946, died on Nov. 16 at the age of sixty-five. He joined the Royal Navy in 1906 and established a reputation as an expert in naval gunnery. After retiring from the Navy in 1946 he joined the board of Vickers-Armstrongs.



APPOINTED DEPUTY CHAIRMAN OF B.O.A.C. : LORD RENNELL.

It was announced on November 15 that Lord Rennell had been appointed to replace Mr. Whitney Straight, who recently joined the board of the Rolls-Royce Company, as deputy-chairman of British Overseas Airways Corporation. Lord Rennell, who is sixty, joined the board of B.O.A.C. in 1954.



A WRITER OF ROMANTIC FICTION DIES : MISS RUBY M. AYRES.

Miss Ruby M. Ayres, whose name, for many years, was synonymous with romantic fiction, died at Weybridge after a protracted illness, on November 14, aged seventy-two. The author of some 150 books, her talent for romantic story-telling became apparent at an early age. When she realised the popularity of such writing, she applied herself to it with devotion, producing sometimes as much as 20,000 words a day.



AMERICAN COMMANDER OF AN R.A.F. SQUADRON : MAJOR RAY O. ROBERTS.

One of the R.A.F.'s best-known fighter units, No. 43 Squadron, now has an American Commanding Officer, Major Ray O. Roberts, of the U.S. Air Force. Major Roberts, who is thirty-three, is one of many American pilots serving with the R.A.F. under the current exchange scheme. He comes from Savannah, Georgia, and is a veteran of the Korean War.

BLUEBIRD'S RECORD, A CHURCH CONSECRATED,
NEWS FROM ARGENTINA, BUGANDA AND INDIA.



(ABOVE.) ALMOST LEAVING THE WATER DURING ITS RECORD-BREAKING RUNS ON LAKE MEAD, NEVADA: BLUEBIRD, DRIVEN BY MR. DONALD CAMPBELL.

On November 16 Mr. Donald Campbell broke his own world water-speed record during two runs of 239.5 m.p.h. and 193 m.p.h. respectively on Lake Mead, Nevada. The photograph above shows *Bluebird* streaking over the mountain-framed lake, watched by a line of ducks.



ATTENDED BY THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON: THE CONSECRATION BY THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER OF THE NEW CHURCH OF ST. MARY THE VIRGIN, SHORTLANDS, KENT. The Lord Mayor of London, Alderman Ackroyd, attended the consecration by the Bishop of Rochester on November 20 of the new Church of St. Mary the Virgin, Shortlands, Kent, built on the site of the church destroyed by enemy action in 1944.



(RIGHT.) HIS WEIGHT IN SILVER AS A HOME-COMING GIFT: THE KABAKA OF BUGANDA RECEIVING HIS OWN WEIGHT IN SILVER COINS AT A CEREMONY AT KIBULI MOSQUE, KAMPALA.

On October 17 Mutesa II., the Kabaka of Buganda, returned to his country after an exile of nearly two years spent in England. His subjects gave him a rousing welcome, and on the second day of his return the Kabaka and the Governor of Uganda, Sir Andrew Cohen, signed the new Buganda Pact, the agreement by which the Kabaka's political powers pass to popularly-elected Ministers. Buganda is a province of the Uganda Protectorate and is recognised as a native kingdom. On November 13 the Kabaka, in a ceremony at Kibuli Mosque, Kampala, received his own weight in silver as a home-coming gift from African and Indian Muslims in Uganda. The Kabaka, who weighed 10 st. 8 lb., is shown here smiling as the equivalent in newly-minted shillings is poured into a glass-sided box. The ceremony was similar to the annual weighing of the Aga Khan, who receives his weight in precious metals or gems as a gift from the Muslims, of whom he is the spiritual leader. As well as various ceremonies and demonstrations of welcome since the Kabaka's return, there have been several outbreaks of rioting and victimisation in Buganda.



PRESENTING HIS INAUGURAL ADDRESS AFTER BEING INSTALLED AS THE NEW PRESIDENT OF ARGENTINA: GENERAL PEDRO ARAMBURU (CENTRE), WHO SUCCEEDED GENERAL LONARDI. After the deposition of General Lonardi as President of Argentina on November 13, General Aramburu, Chief of the General Staff, was announced as his successor, and inaugurated before Ministers and Service chiefs at Government House. After taking the oath, General Aramburu spoke of his democratic aims for Argentina.



GREETING MARSHAL BULGANIN ON HIS ARRIVAL AT PALAM AIRPORT, NEW DELHI, ON NOVEMBER 18: MR. NEHRU, THE INDIAN PRIME MINISTER (LEFT). The seventeen-day visit to India of Marshal Bulganin and Mr. Khrushchev began with their arrival on November 18 at Palam Airport, New Delhi, where they were warmly welcomed by Mr. Nehru. They are returning a visit he made to Russia last June.



THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

WHERE WE DIFFER.

By ALAN DENT.



THE American sailor thinks about nothing else but the other sex and shore-leave, in that order; whereas the British sailor thinks about nothing else but shore-leave, and the folks at home, and the other sex, in that order. That this is the one fundamental difference between the two nations—at least when they are engaged in naval war-service—is just about the only general conclusion it is possible to draw from the plays and the films-from-plays we see on the subject.

It is sad that, in this particular aspect at least, we don't think very much of each other. A jolly and a quite remarkably representative play of British naval life like "Seagulls Over Sorrento," for example, ran for nearly four years in London but failed instantaneously in New York. Its fate as a film seems to have been similar. On the other hand, "Mister Roberts," the one classic of modern American naval life (and the American critics referred to it in such high terms in New York), did tumultuously well in America as a play, but ran only desultorily and for a very few months at the London Coliseum. It has now arrived here as a film, and the notices it has received have been crisp and short and mainly unfavourable. There is no blinking the fact: we view one another's pranks and sentiments—at least in one another's wartime Navy—with distaste.

One of the sanest and most temperate critics in the world, Mr. John Mason Brown, has declared that very few plays about Americans at war have "possessed the vitality and truth of this comedy of heart-break." Even where he makes allowances for the piece's crudity he obviously regards this as an unimportant issue:—"At times 'Mister Roberts' may come perilously close to slapstick. In its ultimate range it may be limited by its fidelity to the juvenile mind and emotions of the young men with whom it deals. But this much seems to me, at least, as self-evident as were those truths enunciated by the Founding Fathers. It is gloriously accurate in realising its intentions. It finds supreme showmanship informed by very human values. It is superlative theatre; a miracle of production in which the script, setting, acting, and direction all fuse to create one of the most uproarious, heartwarming, and yet touching evenings Broadway has yielded in many a long year."

With no critic on either side of the Atlantic do I more often see eye-to-eye than with Mr. Mason Brown. But in this instance my own eye is just as British as his is American, and honesty compels me to admit that what I wrote of this play after its first night in London is exactly what I think of the film-version:—"It is a riotous slice of life as it was lived in a U.S. Navy cargo ship operating in 'the back areas of the Pacific' just before the end of the war in Europe. A great deal of the riot is crude in its humour and will seem to us over here rumbustious rather than healthily robust. The central story, too, that of the various little differences of opinion between a lieutenant (Mister Roberts) and his commanding officer is over-long for its significance; and the final parting between Mister Roberts and the crew must seem, to the English point of view at least, quite too sentimental to be comfortably endured... Tyrone Power is his expected, handsome, film self as Mister Roberts."

If the film-version is rather more successful over here than the play was—which seems very probable—it will be because it has the considerable advantage of having Henry Fonda as the reticent hero, the part he

played in the original Broadway production. It also has James Cagney and William Powell admirably cast as the Conradsque Captain and the shrewd ship's doctor respectively. Mr. Mason Brown caught the note of Mr. Fonda's performance with a beautiful precision:—"He is to the full the unheroic hero; the shy, modest, everyday young man whose decencies and hidden strength have

critics, with Mr. Mason Brown at their head, regard this central performance as the crown and steeple of a noble building and a great play, we over here quite frankly regard Mr. Fonda as the single compensation and as the be-all and the end-all of a film whose values are sometimes unintelligible and sometimes merely embarrassing. There is, of course, the possible theory that the American Serviceman is less over-sexed than he pretends to be, and that the Britisher at war is less undersexed than he pretends to be. But let that pass.

In a striking new British film called "Cockleshell Heroes" this deeply debatable thing called sex does not get the chance to raise its ugly or pretty head even for a split second. The direction, by the American actor José Ferrer, who also takes a principal part, is nothing short of brilliant in its incisiveness. The screenplay, by Bryan Forbes and Richard Maibaum, is exceptionally well written—full of dry Cockney humour and as utterly lacking in adipose tissue as a well-trained marine. It is, briefly, a heroic wartime tale of the chosen British Marines who raided the harbour of Bordeaux as both canoeists and frogmen. Here,



MR. HENRY FONDA IN THE NAME-PART IN "MISTER ROBERTS" (WARNER BROS.), WHICH IS DIRECTED BY JOHN FORD AND MERVYN LEROY.

In making his choice for this fortnight, Mr. Dent writes: "Mr. Henry Fonda, in the name-part in 'Mister Roberts,' reminds us yet again that he is a natural-born actor in the role of a simple and sincere man, as free from guile as from pretentiousness. He played the same part in the long-running drama, the film's original, in New York. A shy grin of considerable *gauche* charm now and again sweeps over his worried face: it is like the moon peeping for a fleeting moment directly out of a troubled sky. Mr. Fonda is particularly effective in the dangerously sentimental scene where he leaves his men, promoted at last to scenes of more 'direct combat' for which he has striven throughout the length of the film."

somehow made a leader of him. His is a quiet performance, alive with feeling, and



OUR PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS ENSIGN PULVER (JACK LEMON; RIGHT) BOASTFULLY SHOWING A HOME-MADE FIRE-CRACKER TO "MISTER ROBERTS" (HENRY FONDA; CENTRE) AND "DOC" (WILLIAM POWELL). FROM THE WARNER BROS. FILM, "MISTER ROBERTS," WHICH IS REVIEWED BY MR. ALAN DENT ON THIS PAGE. (LONDON PREMIERE, NOVEMBER 11; WARNER THEATRE.)



A SCENE FROM "COCKLESHELL HEROES" (COLUMBIA PICTURES), A CINEMASCOPE FILM IN TECHNICOLOR, WHICH SHOWS CAPTAIN THOMPSON (TREVOR HOWARD; LEFT) AND RUDDOCK (DAVID LODGE). THIS FILM TELLS THE TRUE WAR-TIME STORY OF A LIMPET-BOMB RAID BY ROYAL MARINE COMMANDOS. (LONDON PREMIERE, NOVEMBER 16; EMPIRE CINEMA.)

admirable in its avoidance of sham. Its power is its understatement, its reticence, its utter and communicated honesty." This is true, to the letter of Mr. Fonda's performance, which we are now privileged to see. But the difference is that whereas the American

too, as in "Mister Roberts," we have a central theme of feud, this time between a regular Marine officer (Trevor Howard) and a wartime officer (José Ferrer) who has unconventional and audacious ideas which he carries through against official opposition. The little team of well-trained and well-trying Marines are uncommonly well characterised, most especially by Victor Maddern as their sergeant. There is hardly a shred of sentimentality in anything they do or say. Possibly the commando in action was and has to be as utterly inhuman as this—no hint of fear, or desperation, or even of religion. Possibly the film goes just a shade too far in its complete denial of all such doubt or faith in these valiant men. This may or may not be an absolutely true picture of the worst phase of the war as it was; but it is certainly magnificent. And I should not be at all surprised to learn next that the American film-critics, if "Cockleshell Heroes" comes before them, will consider it to be altogether too irony-laden in its language and too "stiff-upper-lipish" in its conduct to be credible, acceptable, or palatable!

ALLEGED MASS-MURDER BY TIME-BOMB, BUILDING ODDITIES, AND OTHER ITEMS.



MOVING A HOUSE BY BARGE: A HOUSING UNIT FROM A COLLEGE CAMPUS IN CHARLESTON, WEST VIRGINIA, BEING EASED ON TO A BARGE IN THE RIVER KANAWHA, FOR TRANSPORT AND RE-ERECTION SOME MILES DOWNSTREAM.



LEVITATION? OR SPACE TRAVEL? NEITHER: A DEMONSTRATOR (RIGHT) ADJUSTING THE DUMMIES IN A FLOOR-TILE EXHIBIT AT THE OLYMPIA BUILDING EXHIBITION.



ARRESTED ON A CHARGE OF MURDER BY A TIME-BOMB IN AN AIR-LINER: JOHN GRAHAM. On November 14 a twenty-three-year-old man, John Graham, was arrested on a charge of placing a time-bomb in a United States commercial air-liner which exploded in mid-air on the night of November 1 with the loss of all forty-four passengers and crew, including Graham's mother. He was stated to have confessed to this crime and to have insured his mother's life before the trip. On November 18 he was reported to have repudiated this confession.



INSPECTING OFFICERS EXAMINING THE WRECKAGE OF THE U.S. AIR-LINER IN WHICH 44 PERISHED, AFTER AN EXPLOSION IN MID-AIR ON NOV. 1.



DANNY KAYE—OF ALL PEOPLE: A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE FAMOUS COMEDIAN, MADE UP AS AN OLD MAN FOR THE FORTHCOMING FILM, "THE COURT JESTER."



SERVED WITH A SUMMONS: A 2-FT.-SQUARE HOLE IN THE PAVEMENT OF AUSTIN FRIARS, IN THE CITY OF LONDON, WHICH NOBODY OWNS. A hole in the pavement of Austin Friars in the City of London has found itself in the public eye recently. The whole story of the hole is too wholly complicated to state here but, briefly, it has no owner and has been called upon, in a summons, to put itself into decent shape within a certain time. Since it is unlikely to be able to do this, the City of London Corporation will then be legally entitled to move in and make the necessary repairs.



ONE OF THE LARGEST LOADS EVER TO BE TRANSPORTED BY ROAD: A WELDED PRESSURE VESSEL WEIGHING OVER 100 TONS FILLS A VILLAGE STREET. One of the largest loads ever to be transported by road recently made its way to the south of England from the Midlands. It was a welded pressure vessel which weighed over 100 tons and measured 100 ft. in length. This photograph shows the huge load filling the narrow street in the village of Markyate Street, near St. Albans, in Hertfordshire.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

CHANGING SEASONS.

By J. C. TREWIN.

AN erudite colleague finds fault with "The Strong Are Lonely," Fritz Hochwalder's play at the Piccadilly Theatre, because the dramatist (so he holds) has been too anxious to avoid discussion. But I cannot believe that a play is necessarily superficial because it is not a debate. Hochwalder was not trying to write a Shavian discussion-drama. He was telling the tale of the death of the Jesuit State of Paraguay on a summer day in Buenos Aires during 1767. (A July day, yes, but it is a winter's tale.) The facts speak. The play, after a slow start, appeals to both heart and mind. Although Eva La Gallienne's translation, in itself, is not inspired, the actors transform it, and I do not like to think of the second half of the play as it might have been if clotted with verbiage.

Many questions occur while we are listening to this piece. The main thing is that it shows, first of all, the tug of conflicting loyalties. The Jesuit law is one of complete obedience. "I will be wax in the hand of my superior." The Father Provincial of the Jesuit State that has grown up within the Spanish colony of Paraguay does not allow his fellow-priests to break their bond. He himself must obey when ordered by a higher power to yield all for which he has worked. He is a soul in travail; during a scene, sharply dramatic in outline, he is forced to his knees by the inflexible will of the legate from Rome. The Father Provincial must be wax in the hand of his superior. And it is all "for the greater glory of God."

It seems to me that the conflict here is amply strong enough to carry the play. The writer makes us ask much else—for example, about the true spiritual worth of the Paraguayan Utopia—but he does not bang away at too many things and disperse his dramatic effects. I have no doubt that there will be cynicism about the uninspired texture of some of the early dialogue, and that other playgoers will ask what exactly this remote squabble in Paraguay has to do with them. I see no reason to cavil for the sake of cavilling. It is unexpected drama acted with a vigour that holds.

Milton as he sits, quiet and sombre, through the second scene, and to mark the expression in those smouldering eyes: the man listens eloquently. Margaret Webster's production, in a Spanish Colonial set by Rolf Gerard, helps a play that is not for all people but that



"IT IS A HISTORICAL DRAMA THAT COMES OUT WITH SURPRISING FORCE": "THE STRONG ARE LONELY" (PICCADILLY), SHOWING (L. TO R.) ERNEST MILTON AS LORENZO QUERINI AND DONALD WOLFIT AS FATHER PROVINCIAL IN A SCENE FROM FRITZ HOCHWALDER'S PLAY.

cannot be disregarded simply because it is dramatic.

Ugo Betti's "Summertime" (Apollo) is rather like thin milk after brandy. It is a wisp of light comedy made by its setting in the North Italian mountains (the décor is by James Bailey), and by the acting of such players as Geraldine McEwan, who is a blend of kitten and dove; Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies (one of our finest actresses, here exploring the possibilities of a comic aunt), Michael Gwynn (with the charm of his calculated understatement), and Dirk Bogarde as a young man whom Miss McEwan pushes over a cliff. Don't worry about it; he is up again immediately, none the worse. This is a likeable little play (everyone in it is chasing everybody else), but it is also a flimsy one. Still, the late Signor Betti was clearly a versatile dramatist, and we must wait now to see what Henry Reed, his



"IT IS A WISP OF LIGHT COMEDY MADE BY ITS SETTING IN THE NORTH ITALIAN MOUNTAINS (THE DÉCOR IS BY JAMES BAILEY), AND BY THE ACTING OF SUCH PLAYERS AS GERALDINE MCEWAN . . .": UGO BETTI'S "SUMMERTIME" (APOLLO), SHOWING FRANCESCA (GERALDINE MCEWAN) AND ALBERTO (DIRK BOGARDE) IN A SCENE FROM THE PLAY.

The conflict is, at first, between the religious and the secular. Spain, getting its reports from the envious Bishop of Buenos Aires and from disaffected, bitter colonists, has sent its legate to dissolve the Jesuit State. He finds the charges unproven, but already the State has been condemned unheard. For him—and he is an honest man—the answer is for the Jesuits to retire of their own free will. The Father Provincial will not submit, but lightning strikes from another quarter, from Rome itself. What follows is for the playgoer: it is a play that draws one inexorably, slowly, into its scene. This little world may have meant nothing to you before entering the theatre; I shall be surprised if it still means nothing when you leave.

Donald Wolfitt, the strong man in spiritual torment, is the pillar the drama needs; Robert Harris, King's envoy, is coolly in contrast; and I advise you to watch Ernest

translator-in-chief, pulls out next from an ample stock. We go to early autumn in "Suspect" (Royal Court), which has returned from the nineteen-thirties so that Flora Robson can act a mysterious woman in a Cornish village (it is called Polcorn and might be on the Penwith peninsula, though I cannot see why, if so, the "pilchard fleet" must come in from Coverack). Miss Robson is mysterious because she is clearly a woman with a past, and it is not long before we know what the past is. She is called Smith; she is also Margaret Wishart, who was charged, thirty years before, at Edinburgh, with the murder of her father and stepmother. (The criminal used an axe—one thinks of Lizzie Borden and the forty whacks—and an axe is lying around the house even now.) The Scottish jury returned a verdict of "Not Proven," but the shadow lingers. When the local doctor at Polcorn realises—thanks to the busybody intrusion of a newspaper magnate on holiday—that his daughter may be marrying the son of a possible murderess (it is all a bit confusing) he is firmly against the match. I cannot say what happens except to assure playgoers that the third act, and its final curtain, may atone for the slow progress of the first and second acts. Thriller-technique has improved since "Suspect" was written.

Miss Robson is, of course, expert: no one can jangle our nerves with more ease. Peter Williams and Betty Henderson act capably; but I am worried by the newspaper magnate. It is not simply that the actor's diction is trying at times, it is the part as the authors have conceived it. Crime reporter into newspaper magnate is possible, I suppose, but this man's past seems to me to be unlikely; moreover, he sets himself on the trail of Maggie Wishart with an oddly unpleasant persistence. A small point. Copies of the yellowing newspapers of thirty years before are sent down to him from his London office; but surely they would have been imprisoned long ago in unwieldy bound files? However, why worry? I was more troubled, and indeed made envious, by the magnate's way of pulling out a cheque-book and asking the local vicar if he would like "a couple of hundred" for the lifeboat fund. Having myself a special interest in a particular lifeboat, I began to run feverishly through the, alas, not very



"MISS ROBSON IS TENSELY EMOTIONAL, AND SHE HAS PRODUCED (MIST AND ALL) HERSELF": "SUSPECT" (ROYAL COURT), SHOWING (L. TO R.) DR. RENDLE (PETER WILLIAMS), JANET RENDLE (ELAINE USHER), ROBERT SMITH (BRIAN NISSEN) AND MRS. SMITH (FLORA ROBSON) IN A SCENE FROM THE PLAY BY EDWARD PERCY AND REGINALD DENHAM.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"THE WINTER'S TALE" (Playhouse, Nottingham).—John Harrison's neat fairy-tale simplification of this difficult play is justified, and Daphne Slater's Hermione and Joan Plowright's Perdita certainly justified the journey to Nottingham. (November 7.)

"SUMMERTIME" (Apollo).—Ugo Betti again, kicking up his heels in the North Italy of fifty years ago. This is a very mild frivolity, acted—in particular by Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies and Geraldine McEwan—with a charm that disguises the lack of substance. (November 9.)

"SUSPECT" (Royal Court).—A sea-mist slinks through a Cornish window; Flora Robson is discovered in distress—plainly her past is worrying her. What is her past? Edward Percy and Reginald Denham, whose thriller is revived after eighteen years, tell us in a piece that does not rouse itself until the third act. Miss Robson is tensely emotional, and she has produced (mist and all) herself. (November 10.)

"THE STRONG ARE LONELY" (Piccadilly).—The fall of the Jesuit State in Paraguay on a single day of summer in 1767. It is a historical drama that comes out with surprising force, and it is none the worse for Hochwalder's resolve to tell the story (which is dramatic enough, anyway) without an overplus of circumlocutory debate. Donald Wolfitt, as the Father Provincial made to acknowledge the vow that makes him as "wax in the hand of his superior," is progressively powerful, and Robert Harris and Ernest Milton are with him in a worthy cast. (November 15.)

long list of newspaper magnates who are my dear friends.

So, again, to "The Winter's Tale," the third revival I have found in six weeks. This one, at the Playhouse, Nottingham, had the best Hermione in my recollection, Daphne Slater. Her speech at the Trial held the moving simplicity of truth and innocence, and at the last she and Joan Plowright (a grave, gentle Perdita) made most touching the reunion of mother and daughter. John Harrison, who directed in a setting by Voytek, had the sufficing idea of offering the play as a fairy-tale. Taken in that fashion, problems crumble, the piece becomes timeless, and we can accept its curiosities without question. A jealous King, a virtuous Queen; a land of winter frost, a realm of summer, and then the return to mellowing autumn and to the beauties of forgiveness: that is the "Tale" at its simplest, and at Nottingham it enchanted.

SHIPS, PARADES, UNRETURNED PRISONERS,
RECORD AUCTION PRICES FOR PAINTINGS.



THE WORLD'S LARGEST TANKER: THE S.T. SPYROS NIARCHOS, 47,750 TONS DEADWEIGHT, ON THE STOCKS AT BARROW-IN-FURNESS, WHERE SHE WILL BE LAUNCHED ON DECEMBER 2. The largest merchant ship to be built in Britain since the war and the ninth of the first group of ten orders placed with Vickers-Armstrongs Ltd. by Mr. Stavros S. Niarchos, S.T. *Spyros Niarchos*, will be the biggest oil tanker in the world at 47,750 tons deadweight. She is shown here on the stocks at the Vickers-Armstrongs yard at Barrow-in-Furness, where she will be launched on December 2. Her normal trade will be the carriage of crude oil from the Persian Gulf to United Kingdom ports.



THE LAST BRITISH TROOPS LEAVE THE SUDAN MEN OF THE 1ST BN., THE ROYAL LEICESTERSHIRE REGT. MARCHING PAST THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL ON THE DAY OF THEIR DEPARTURE. On November 8 British and Sudanese troops paraded together for the last time at Khartoum for a farewell ceremony. The last British troops have now left the Sudan in accordance with the "Sudanisation" of this area, which has been under Anglo-Egyptian rule since 1899. Our photograph shows men of the 1st Battalion, The Royal Leicestershire Regiment marching past the Governor-General, Sir Knox Helm, on their way to the station. They have been posted to Cyprus.



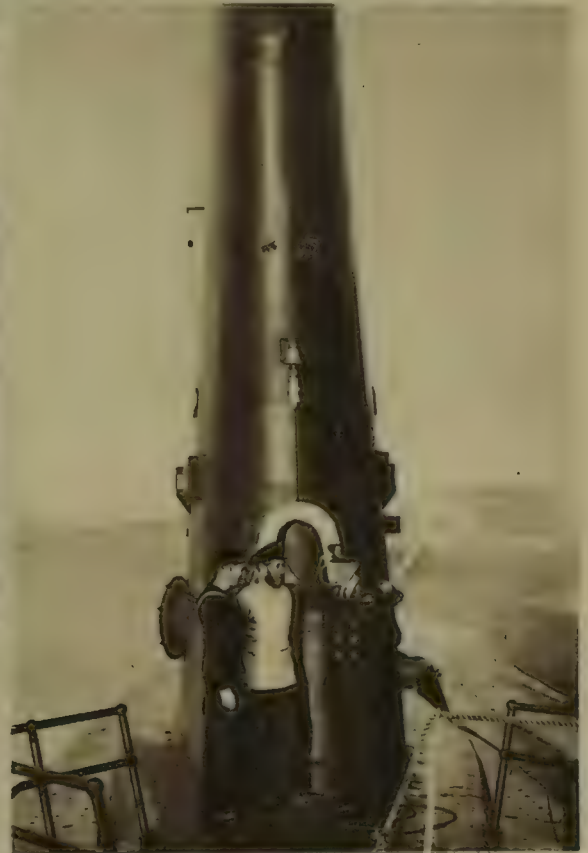
A WOMEN'S PARADE IN JOHANNESBURG, PROTESTING AGAINST NEW CONSTITUTIONAL CHANGES.

On November 12 the South African Women's Defence of the Constitution League staged mass demonstrations in Cape Town and Johannesburg against the Senate Act, which dissolved the Senate with a view to packing it with Nationalists. Women with black sashes paraded behind a book of the Constitution, also swathed in black.



AN AUCTION RECORD FOR A SICKERT PAINTING: "OLD HEPPEL," WHICH WAS SOLD AT CHRISTIE'S FOR 1100 GUINEAS TO THE DUNEDIN ART GALLERY, NEW ZEALAND.

Among several works by W. R. Sickert from the collection of Mr. Bernard Falk, which were sold at Christie's auction rooms on November 18, was this painting of the fiddler, "Old Heppel." Though only 10½ by 7½ ins. in size this painting secured the new auction record price for a W. R. Sickert when the Dunedin Art Gallery, New Zealand, paid 1100 guineas for it. Several further high prices were recorded at this sale.



A CONNING-TOWER WITH A DIFFERENCE: H.M.S. ARTFUL AFTER BEING STREAMLINED.

The *Artful*, one of the big 1620-ton submarines built since the last war (she was completed in 1948), has been streamlined at Portsmouth to give her higher speed and better general performance. The fin-like structure seen above conceals her bridge and conning-tower. She is the first of several "A" class submarines scheduled for such conversion.



ANOTHER RECORD PRICE AT AUCTION: "RIVER LANDSCAPE WITH A FERRY," BY SALOMON VAN RUISDAEL, WHICH WAS SOLD AT SOTHEBY'S FOR £10,800.

This striking panel of a "River Landscape with a Ferry," by Salomon van Ruisdael, was sold by the executors of the late Mrs. M. F. Brandt at Sotheby's auction rooms on November 16. Signed, and dated 1650, this painting was bought by Mr. Leonard Koetser for £10,800, which is believed to be a record price at auction for a work by this artist, who was the uncle of the more famous Jacob van Ruisdael. (Reproduced by courtesy of Leonard Koetser, Esq.)



HOPE DIES HARD. ROWS OF PORTRAITS AND ENQUIRIES FOR MISSING MEN STANDING IN THE WEST GERMAN CAMP TO WHICH P.O.W.s FROM RUSSIA WERE BROUGHT BACK.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

IT may be true that all æsthetic judgements are a matter of taste—but there are occasions when it seems truer than usual. On the other hand, one must allow that only writers of some distinction have a taste; and that very few are able to convey it in the first sentence. Here is the first sentence of "Aspects of Love," by David Garnett (Chatto and Windus; 8s. 6d.):

"Alors, je te laisse cet enfant charmant. Sois gentille avec . . . on dirait que c'est son premier amour," said the fat French actor as, after giving Alexis his left hand, he tapped Rose affectionately twice on the cheek and left them together at the café table to step into the street where rain was still falling and the puddles reflected the street lamps on the boulevard.

And there you have it all. The Gallic aura: the hint of love as an expertise and avocation: the spare, delicate scene-painting: the idiosyncratic, faintly perverse style: and, I think, already the flavour of George Moore that becomes so marked later on. Alexis is a student at Montpellier; Rose is a young French actress, with a fortnight on her hands and barely enough money to get through it. Alexis has no money either, but instead he has an "old uncle" with a villa at Pau; it has been shut up since the war, and—with immense daring for seventeen—he invites his perfectly strange charmer to come and stay. After a week or so of bliss, they are surprised by the uncle, Sir George Dillingham. He behaves charmingly; he is a poet, a kindly, sympathetic old hedonist and a man of the world. Yet the incident seems to have put Rose off her stroke; and when she doesn't write, Alexis plunges into his military service as a distraction.

But he is still dreaming about Rose. After two years and a spell of fighting in Malaya, he returns to look for her—and finds her installed as his uncle's mistress. That would be intolerable enough. But when she claims to love the old man, to find him an "enchanted lover" at sixty-odd, and to prefer him to Alexis, his *amour-propre* is enraged to the point of shooting at her. Then Sir George goes through a little breast-beating, and renounces her for a second string. (All Mr. Garnett's lovers are lavishly provided with second strings.) However, she pursues and marries him. They have a daughter, Jenny. Ten years go by: Alexis reappears, and begins to be devoted to Jenny. Four years go by: Sir George had become so jealous that it kills him, and Alexis realises that he must keep away until the child is grown up. So he departs with a second string. (For economy, the same one over again.)

I won't pretend that this is exactly my cup of tea. It is a study in strong emotions; and yet the whole object, or at least effect, of its very cool charm is to deter one from feeling anything, or even feeling that there is much call to feel anything. But it has so much art that I am quite ready to accept the paradox as a matter of taste, and believe mine is too crude.

OTHER FICTION.

"Linda," by John Coates (Gollancz; 12s. 6d.), offers us rather the same world-view. Of Sir George Dillingham we are told that "He did not want to change human life, or human nature. . . . He was happy with the earth." This would be just as true of Mr. Coates's young man, who declares himself "a hopeless believer in the rightness of our natural instincts"—and who has no doubt "enriched many women by his love," though neither he nor anybody else would put it like that. Yet there is an extreme contrast in tone. For Mr. Coates's world-view is a natural instinct; and his expression of it has the warmth and spontaneity that Mr. Garnett has filtered out.

Of course, he is relatively prolix and amateurish. And here, very courageously, he is not funny. This is a serious and pathetic novel, about a young girl struggling to become an actress and a "person" at the same time. Linda was so infamously brought up that as a child she had to abolish the real world and live in make-believe. And now she has a gift, but no context.

Then everything happens to her at once: London, the lead in a new play, the attentions of its very agreeable young author. At first, Linda is terrified of a stake in life. Then all seems to depend on the tour, and especially the week in Manchester, her black spot. If she can get safely through that—but on the contrary: the tour is an unimagined shambles. First she is robbed of her talisman, her "inspired" acting: and then abandoned to the neurotic furies, thrown out of the play, convinced of James's treachery. . . . The background is eminently persuasive; there is a great deal of charm, and almost too much heartbreak—but with a happy ending.

"My Bones and My Flute," by Edgar Mittelholzer (Secker and Warburg; 12s. 6d.), describes itself as "a sort of old-fashioned ghost story," and does not conceal its debt to M. R. James. The scene is a jungle factory in British Guiana. Young Milton Woodsley has arrived there with Mr. Nevinson, of the Barbice-Timber Company, and his wife and daughter, ostensibly to paint some jungle pictures for the head office. Really, because his host has fallen under a curse—"He who touches this parchment seals himself in a pact with me, Jan Pieter Voorman, to listen to my music, and, later, when I beckon, to join me in death. . . ." Mr. Nevinson is already hearing the flute. So is his daughter Jessie. And beckoning may start any minute. . . .

I have nothing to say against the tension, or the jungle atmosphere, or the increasingly horrific goings-on. However, Milton is better still. Like the Nevinsons, he belongs to an "old coloured family" in New Amsterdam; and he goes back, beyond the author's steamy historical sagas, to the unforgotten dawn of "A Morning at the Office."

"Blind Date," by Leigh Howard (Longmans; 12s. 6d.), achieves the almost-impossibility of something new in crime fiction. Del Monkton has been poking about—mysteriously to the reader—in a strange flat when he is interrupted by a police constable. Afterwards the C.I.D. pour in. They question him—but he refuses to give his name. . . . Finally they spring a body on him: and what remains is simply more and more questioning, from Del's point of view. We are not even told who he does it. Yet the story is finished: an ordinary, rather squalid story, but with a lifelike queerness, and a piece of trenchant irony at the end. A most remarkable piece of work.

K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

BALLET AND AUTOBIOGRAPHY: WINGS AND MOUNTAINS.

ONE does not need to be a balletomane to appreciate the outstanding success of the Sadler's Wells Ballet. Here is a classical medium—"I spit me," if I may use a now hallowed phrase, of the word "cultural"—which the English have carried, lightly and quietly, but by storm. What has Moscow now to show to compare with the great days of the Mariinsky Theatre? The Diaghilevs, the Nijinskys, were slipping away even during the last years of Imperial Russia. They carried the ballet all over Europe, and no one believed, even during the 1920's, that this particular art could ever find root in the duller, less plastic soil of Western Europe. Sadler's Wells have disproved all that. There still remains a faint aura of the steppes round the ballet. It would, I suppose, be surprising if it were not so. The great classical pieces are, of course, Russian, and they must have their proper setting. But we are, I hope, and observe, emerging from the period when our greatest performers found it necessary to adopt Slav terminations to their honourable Nordic names. The whole of this great history—and it is a great history—is admirably set out in Miss Mary Clarke's "The Sadler's Wells Ballet" (A. and C. Black; 21s.). We hear of Ninette de Valois's approach to Lilian Baylis in 1926, and are justly reminded that Miss Baylis had much to do with the founding of this magnificent venture. We hear of the difficult struggle to put the Sadler's Wells Ballet on the theatrical map, and of the help and encouragement given by such well-known enthusiasts as the late Lord Keynes.

Ballet, I suppose, depends even more upon dancers than the play upon actors. It is possible to conceive of a great play surviving a poor performance; impossible to accept a great ballet badly danced. So much of this book rightly deals with the famous names associated with Sadler's Wells: Alicia Markova, Anton Dolin, Robert Helpmann, Margot Fonteyn—above all, Ninette de Valois. It is beautifully illustrated, many of the best photographs being supplied by Miss de Valois's brother, Gordon Anthony.

Mr. Maurice Browne's autobiography, "Too Late to Lament" (Gollancz; 25s.), is one of the saddest books I have ever read. Its title could hardly have been better chosen, for it conveys Mr. Browne's outlook pitilessly and exactly. There was, indeed, a good deal that was lamentable in Mr. Browne's life, but his have not been the laments of tougher, less tortured men. There was suicide after suicide in his family history, and one might suggest that although Mr. Browne has mercifully escaped the insanity which this seems to indicate, his fierceness against himself, the savage cruelty with which he exposes wounds which most autobiographers keep hidden, are perhaps symptoms of the Freudian "death-wish." It is hard to separate the facts from Mr. Browne's excessive reaction to them. His early sexual experiences were not pleasant, but they were not, alas! unusual, and were of a kind which many thousands of people have easily survived and ultimately forgotten. Not so Mr. Browne. They became for him the Horror, "That Which Has No Name: Evil regarded as Master of the Universe." And so it goes on till we reach the appalling diatribe of self-condemnation on the last page of the main section of his book, "The Years Between": "I had failed, again, those who loved me. Now my offence was even graver. I had caused untold pain to Marjorie; I had thought and spoken evil of Leonard and Fred; and my failure towards Dorothy and Nellie Van was graver still; they had looked to me for dedication; I had scrambled for success. It was not my friends who had betrayed me but I who had betrayed my friends . . . like Judas I had sold my Lord." This is all much too terrible for mere human compassion. Mercifully, he at last drew peace from the only possible source.

It is a relief to turn from the self-torturings of Mr. Browne to Miss Blanche Stillson's charming, objective study of flight in almost all its aspects, "Wings" (Gollancz; 16s.). Her style has its complications and involutions, and her choice of words is, by preference, sesquipedalian: "While the bat was in process of disengaging itself from terrestrial and arboreal restrictions and feeling its uneven way through the night air, millions of years rolled by. The volant mammal was a comparative newcomer into a territory through which the insect had long, long before blazed a trail, to which birds had acquired inalienable rights, and from which the transient flying reptile had vanished never to return." Personally, I do not find this ponderous. It has a charm of its own, like her jackdaws performing aerial acrobatics for fun. Flight has, of course, a symbolism and a significance of its own—after Mr. Browne, it is a little difficult to detach one's mind from Freud—and Miss Stillson is not unaware of it. But she discourses on the technicalities of aerodynamics with elegant learning, and illustrates her polysyllabic points with apt quotations from a wide range of writers. Working her way up (or down?) from insects to men, she ends on a note of interrogation: "It remains to be seen whether or not his delta wings, crescent wings, and various other wings, so eloquent in their severe grace, will in time pass into the category of symbols and, if so, whether their significance for resurgent humanity will be predominantly sinister or sublime." Yes, indeed.

Manfully trying to keep abreast with the recent spate of books about the Himalayas—it would have been tempting, but perhaps unkind to the authors, to cram them all into one article—I return this week with Professor Mason to Everest, Kangchenjunga, Nanda Devi, and the rest. "Abode of Snow" (Rupert Hart-Davis; 25s.) is a general history of exploration in the Himalayas. The great Himalayan peaks, stretching for mile upon one-hundred mile towards, or in, what used to be a Lama-forbidden Tibet (and which is now a Commissar-forbidden country), cannot but excite the interest and speculation of any lover of the high mountains. Here is a whole world of great peaks and glaciers which makes the classic climbing areas of the Alps seem pocket-handkerchief size. Professor Mason's book does not, perhaps, measure up to the size of his theme. It is packed with information and illustrated with magnificent photographs, but to tell the truth, I found it more than a trifle dull. Perhaps, after the riot of similar volumes which have lately come my way, I am suffering from a form of mountain sickness which no amount of oxygen will cure. But when Professor Mason turns from records, dates and calculations he shows much feeling, and writes as a craftsman should.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

I SEE they are planning to erect a monument in memory of Alekhine in Paris. There is to be an international tournament to celebrate the tenth anniversary of his death.

Botvinnik, the world champion and, of course, a Russian, has expressed a keen desire to participate in this tournament.

When the First World War broke out in 1914, Alekhine was engaged in a tournament at Triberg, in Germany, together with several other Russian masters of that day. All were interned. The others, Bogolyubov in particular, were perfectly content to be kept by their countries' enemies whilst placidly continuing to play their beloved chess day after day, month after month; but Alekhine was made of sterner stuff; he escaped, returned to Russia and enlisted as an officer in the Russian (then, of course, imperialist) Army. When the Revolution came, Alekhine, as a "reactionary," apparently considered himself safer elsewhere. He turned up in Paris penniless, with nothing but the bedraggled clothes he stood up in. He studied for, and obtained, a doctorate of law, which he never, to my knowledge, used; it was his chess which built up his fortunes again.

Despite his privations, he was able, in two matches against Bogolyubov some years after, to crush his old acquaintance in two world championship matches, even though the years of peaceful practice in internment had undoubtedly advanced the latter's prowess a lot.

Alekhine constantly yearned to visit his mother country again. He had a devouring curiosity to see the changes that had come about; but in the course of many conversations with him, it became clear to me that there must have been certain actions on which he knew the present régime would frown. How much did they know about him? If only he could find out! Unless they would guarantee him safe conduct—and in the most implicit manner—he simply dared not go. To travel on an ordinary visa would be suicide. To be invited officially would be wonderful. And so he went on pulling wires, lobbying, buttonholing travelling Russian masters. At last it seemed his hopes were to be realised. Botvinnik agreed to meet him in a match for the world championship. Amazing news to those who had forgotten that the Russians are always realists—and who did not know that Alekhine was by now in an advanced stage of delirium tremens. (A Spanish friend told me that, during one overnight journey from Madrid to Gijón, Alekhine's nightmare shrieks could be heard from end to end of the train.) Before arrangements for the match could be concluded, the great man was dead.

For years, Alekhine's name was suppressed from the Russian Press. The chess players of Russia alone refused to call 1. P-K4, Kt-KB3 "Alekhine's Defence." Then, slowly, it began to reappear. The tempo quickened. In the last three years, two books have appeared about him there. Intensive research has started into the details of his early life. Now Botvinnik wants to play in a tournament to his honour. Well, the Russians find it hard to restrain for long their age-old love of genius. And what genius he had! Look at this game, itself researched out of forty years' oblivion, only after his death. Played by Alekhine, against a well-known German master, at the age of fifteen.

QUEEN'S PAWN GAME.

| ALEKHINE | KOEHN-LEIN | ALEKHINE | KOEHN-LEIN |
|-----------|------------|------------|------------|
| White | Black | White | Black |
| 1. P-Q4 | P-Q4 | 9. Castles | P-KB4 |
| 2. Kt-KB3 | Kt-KB3 | 10. B-Q3 | P-K4 |
| 3. P-K3 | P-K3 | 11. B-KKt5 | Q-K1 |
| 4. B-Q3 | QKt-Q2 | 12. P×P | Kt×P |
| 5. QKt-Q2 | B-Q3 | 13. R-K1 | Q-R4 |
| 6. P-K4 | P×P | 14. Kt×Kt | Q×B |
| 7. Kt×P | Kt×Kt | 15. B-B4ch | K-R1 |
| 8. B×Kt | Castles | 16. Q×B! | Resigns |

For if 16. . . P×Q, then 17. Kt-B7ch, R×Kt? 18. R-K8—a move which, were Black's bishop still on Q3, would do little harm but now checkmates.

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Sundridge Park, an eighteenth-century mansion lying in wooded country between Bromley and Chislehurst, in West Kent, about twelve miles from Charing Cross, is being opened early in the New Year as a residential college in which industrial executives may study the latest management techniques. This college, which will be known as Sundridge Park Management Centre, is a non-profit-making concern which has the approval of the Ministry of Education. It has been formed by Mr. E. E. Butten, who has bought the mansion and is financing the undertaking. The Director of Studies is Mr. J. V. Connolly, formerly Professor of

Aircraft Economics and Production at the College of Aeronautics at Cranfield. The college will have accommodation for about forty students, and the programme of studies will include work study, operational research, human relations in management, ergonomics, electronics in industry and courses in special techniques as the occasion demands. The house was built by James Wyatt in 1795 and wings by John Nash were added in 1799, the gardens being laid out by Humphrey Repton. The students shown in some photographs were taking part in a special course conducted by a large firm, while the house was being prepared.

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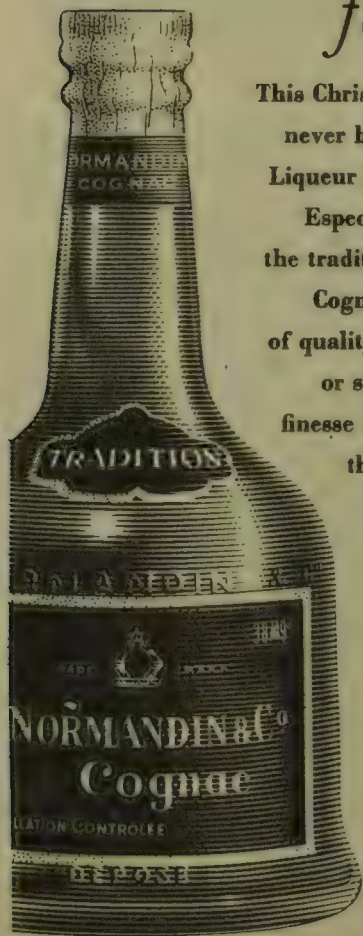
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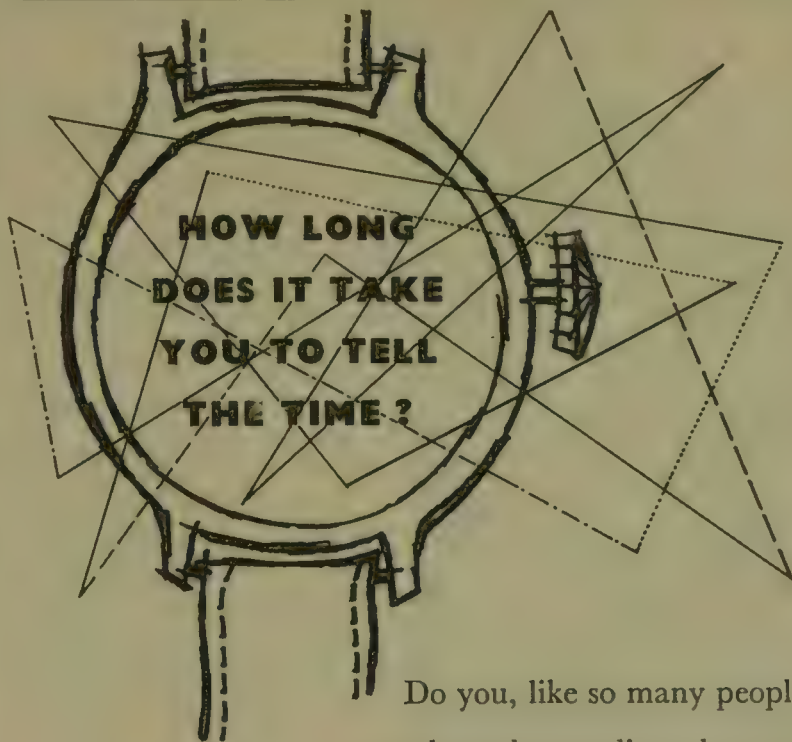
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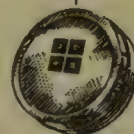
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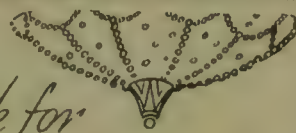


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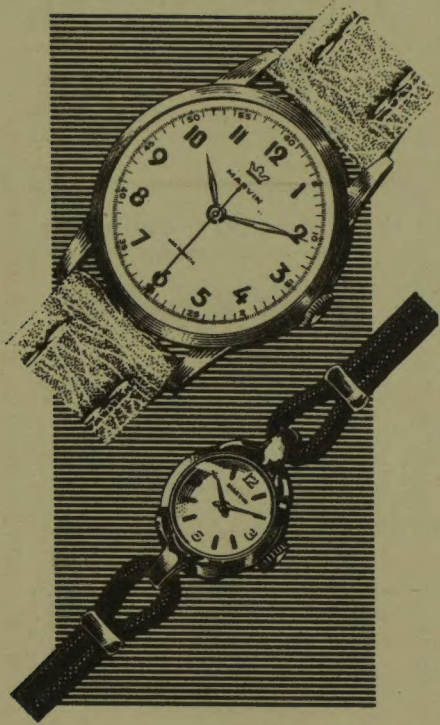
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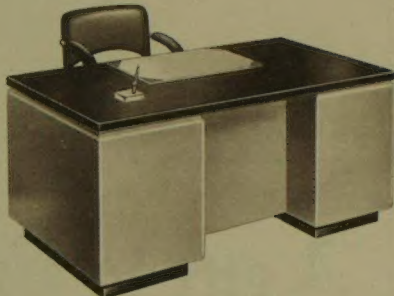
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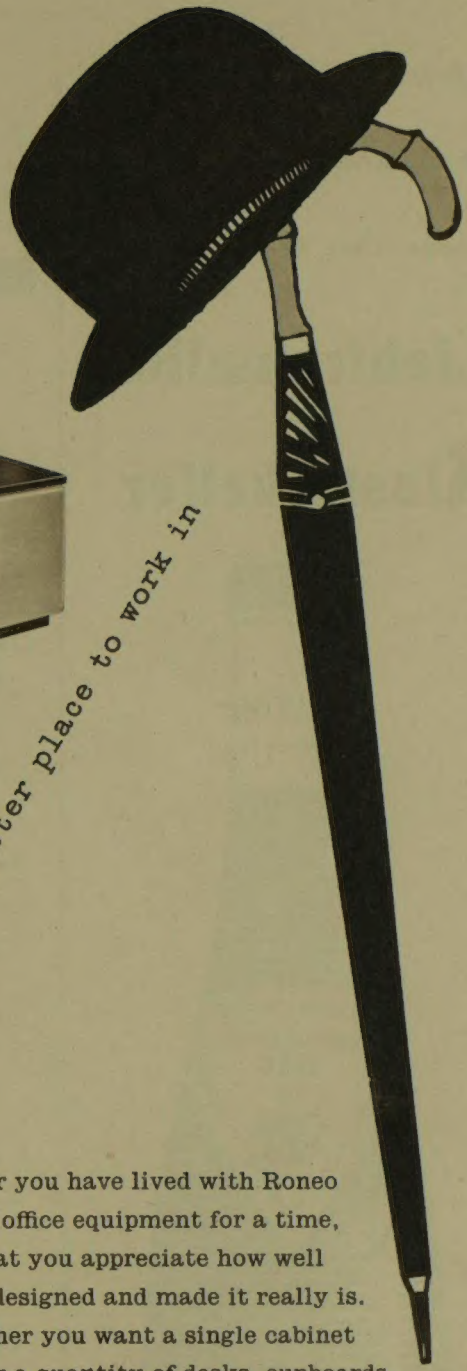
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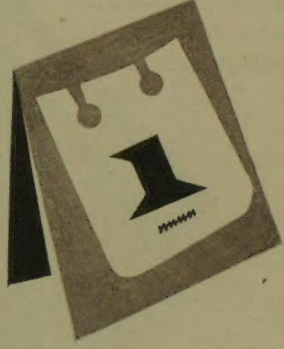
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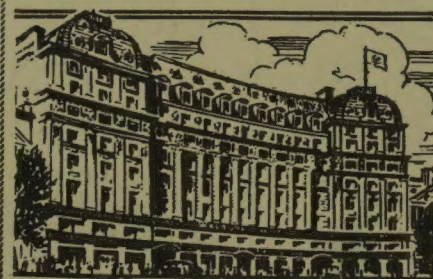
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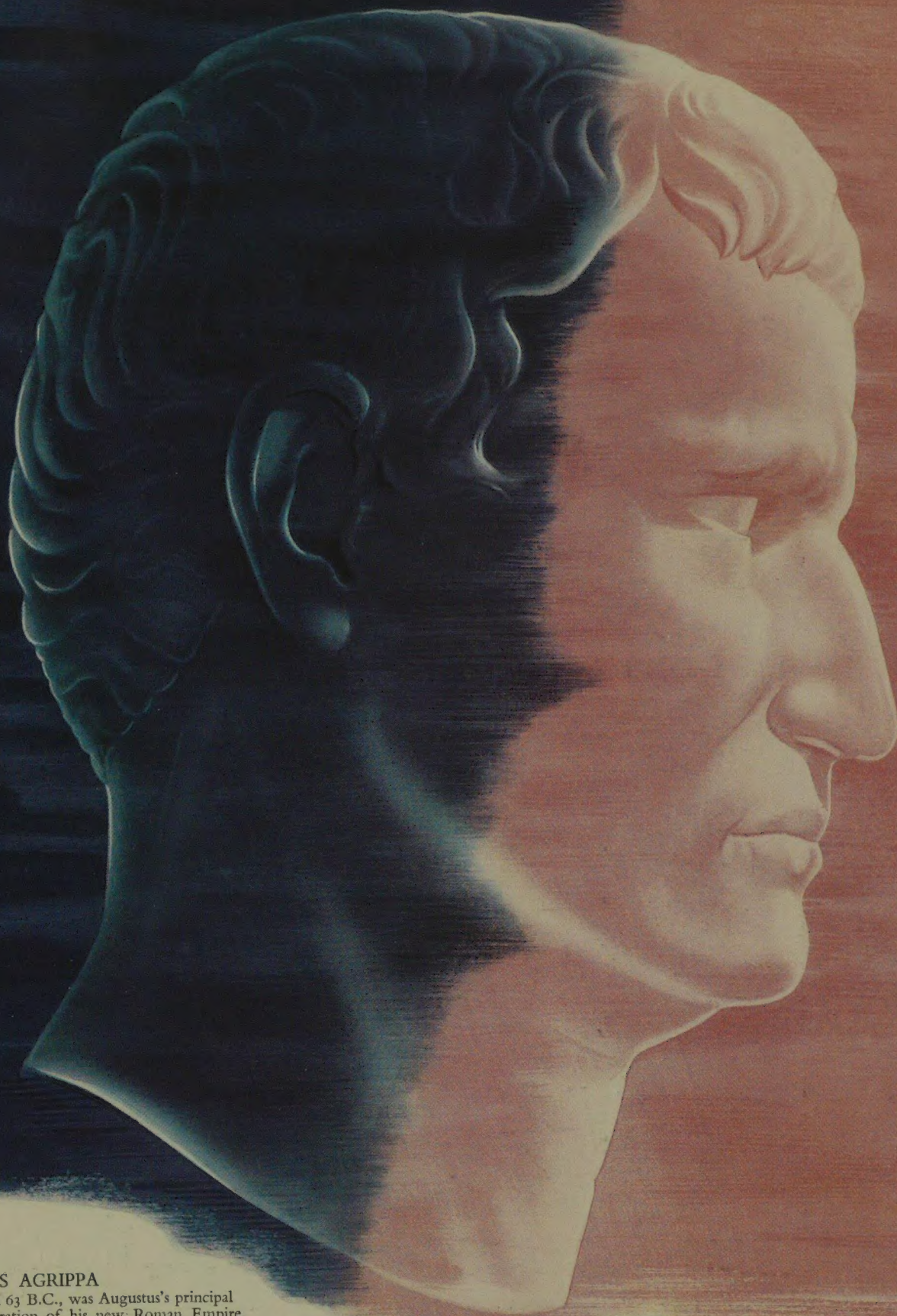
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